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### A BOUQUET.

BY T. FERGUSON.

I gather you, red rose
With rose-red heart,
Whose beauty burns and glows
As if it were a part
Of that great love, red rose,
Which my glad spirit knows.

Wan lily, pure as snow
And pale as death,
'Twere fit that you should go,
And hearken what she saith—
My lily, pure as snow—
No sweeter bloom doth blow.

Frail jasmine, it is meet
From dewy bowers,
For pleasure of my sweet,
To cull your fragrant flowers—
Frail jasmine, you are meet
To lay at my love's feet.

Pansies and asphodel
And eglantine
For her I love so well
I also may combine—
Pansies and asphodel
Of lasting faith should tell.

And, all sweet flow'rs I blend
With flow'rs so sweet,
I pray you, while I send,
With love my love to greet—
So all sweet flow'rs I blend
My darling may commend.

# HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

## The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

LEONORA and her companion after leaving Forest Moor Grange turned into the high road, and after going a little distance he led her to the top of a high mound, which he said commanded an extensive view; and he was right. A wide river, navigable by boats, it was that wound along, gleaming like silver in the sun. On the south side, Forest Moor itself stretched along its banks. On the opposite bank lay the pretty village of Forest Moor. Crossing the river close to the village, and reaching the south bank, not a half mile from the Grange, was a very pretty iron bridge, whose only fault was its modernness. The railway skirted the moor, and went over the bridge. The high road crossed the old stone bridge, about a quarter-of a-mile up the river, and consequently the foot road over the railway bridge was the nearest way to the village and station for those coming from the Grange or that direction.

"Can you see a path crossing the field?" Vivian after a moment asked.

"Plainly," she replied. "It enters the wood."

"Now turn to the river," said Vivian; "there is the path coming out on its path just by the bridge under the very shadow of the last arch. You have nothing to do but to get up the bank, and you are on the bridge. The village isn't ten minutes walk that way. The path is a private one, and the river banks are very lonely."

A stern smile crossed Leonora's dark face. That path would one day be useful to her.

"Which way shall we turn?" she asked.

"We had better ride across the moor," he replied. "And a fine space for a galop. Then we can cross the river at a bridge six miles off, come along the north bank, ride through the village, and cross the iron bridge home."

"Very well," she said, without the least sign of fear at the latter idea.

They rode on again, Cassy behaving very well till the fresh breeze, sweeping over the wide moor, met her nostrils, when she threw up her head, tugged at her bridle, till her rider could hardly hold her in; but, finding such firm resistance to her pranks, she gave a few plunges and attempted to rear, in the vain attempt to throw her rider. But Leonora was too sharp, for she drew her whip heavily over her ears, and brought Cassy down.

"Senor," she said quickly, "keep pace with me. I see I must take a bit of the wildness out of Cassy before she'll behave properly."

With the word, she gave the mare the rein, touched her lightly, and away flew Cassy like a shot, Arthur's horse, however, keeping well up with her.

Neither rider spoke, it was impossible; but Leonora never for a moment lost the command of the animal she rode, and when Cassy was pretty well winded she drew rein, and said coolly:

"I never let a horse conquer me. She has some vice in her, but she will be quiet for a time now."

Arthur could not help admiring his beautiful and determined companion; but he was disappointed and annoyed that she had shown no alarm, and in his evil, vengeful heart, he vowed to make her acknowledge herself frightened before he had done with her. He had a double motive—pique was one, the other was that he wanted to place her in some dangerous predicament, from which he should rescue her, and thus place her at the outset under a deep obligation to him. Already, in his base heart and fiendish mind, had he conceived an end for which even now he had begun to play a deep game.

It was long past midday when they reached the village, a pretty rural looking one, which elicited from Leonora the exclamation:

"What a pretty village!"

As they reached the bridge, an express train appeared in sight and hearing, and Cassy pricked up her ears, glared wildly round, and to Vivian's delight, sprang forward to the middle of the bridge as the train dashed past. That the horse was fearful of trains Arthur well knew, but even he had not expected or wished for the result of his own revengeful manœuvre. The moment the train passed, the animal, wild with terror, began plunging with a fury that threatened to throw her rider over the low parapet into the river. Arthur attempted to grasp the bridle, for he saw a down-train approaching; but Cassy ran back, reared till she stood upright, pawing the air with her forefeet, and as the down train passed she uttered a wild shriek of mad terror, and leaped clear over into the river.

From what had passed in the stable yard, the sharp sighted groom, Forde, had his suspicions, and very strong ones, that Vivian would try and vent his petty revenge on Leonora, by giving her a fright at the bridge, because he knew that trains never failed to half madden Cassy. Forde had therefore gone quietly out, and ensconced himself under the bridge that he might watch; but the heat made him fall asleep, and the first thing that woke him was the horse's shriek, and he was on his feet in a moment. He saw Cassy leap with her rider still on her back, saw both steed and rider sink, and the next minute saw Leonora rise to the surface, and strike out strongly. Forde saw that she could swim, and that though the blow of the water had a stunned Cassy, Leonora was unhurt; but he also saw that in a minute, indeed already, that her riding dress must drag her down, and to fling off his coat, shoes, and hat, and plunge in was the work of a moment.

Just as the horrified Vivian gained the bank, Forde reached the already sinking girl, and flung his powerful arm round her, bidding her lie still, and not cling tightly to him.

Her white, firm face was his answer, and his strong strokes soon brought them both to the shore, almost at the same time the poor mare gained it a few yards further down.

"Are you hurt?" exclaimed Vivian, with remorseful anxiety. "Are you unharmed, Miss de Castro?"

"Thanks to Forde's timely help, I am only wet, and so is Forde. I will ride Cassy home."

"Are you not afraid?" he asked.

She looked at him steady, and replied:

"I was not afraid all through."

Again too much for him, again defeated. He turned away, caught Cassy, and lifted Leonora, drenched as she was, to the saddle.

To ask Vivian to resign his horse to the groom Leonora knew would be hopeless, so she said:

"Run home quickly, Forde; if harm came to you, I should never forgive myself."

It was after dark that evening, that as Forde was locking up the stables, the tall figure of Leonora stood before him.

"Forde," she said, and her voice trembled with emotion, "I could not speak my deep gratitude before the man who purposely got the horse there when he saw the train coming. I shall never forget you, and whenever you look at this, remember, it is a token of the gratitude of Jesuita de Castro."

She took off the gold watch she herself wore, and threw the chain round his neck; then, suddenly bending down, she clasped his rough hand in hers and pressed her lips on it, and there were tears on it when she was gone.

"God bless her!" muttered the groom, brushing his hand over his eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

WE must now turn to some interesting memoirs of Margaret Arundel, written from notes made at the time; hence she speaks in the past tense, and thus proceeds:

When I look back through the distance of years to that wretched time at Forest Moor, it seems like some horrible dream. I marvel how I bore it, and oh! I wonder to this day how Leonora went through it all, though it was no more than a few months. I watched with wonder the way she held her mastery over Vivian; it is only a few words relative to that which I write down here. After that day she conquered him about the mare Cassy he did not behave to her so very ultra-civilly; he would speak with a sneer, but she answered his sneer with cutting, bitter sarcasms, cold and hard as steel.

She used to sit apparently reading or writing, but whenever I looked up suddenly I saw those strange dark eyes of hers fixed on Vivian. She seemed to watch him more closely every day and week that passed, and at last he began to grow nervous and fidgetty, whenever she was present, and not merely that, but when she was not in the room—for she moved so swiftly and silently that one minute she would be in the garden, and the next, as if by magic, she was at our side, with those eyes, that seemed to read one through, on Vivian.

He was uneasy and restless if she was present or about. One night he turned sharply away, as if wrenching himself from some fascination, and I heard him mutter:

"I hate that child's dark face! I hate her to look at me with her evil eyes!"

One day when Leonora was out he began looking through some drawers he kept locked, but she came in meanwhile. Closing the last drawer, he turned to meet the steady gaze of Leonora as she stood in the doorway, and as he pushed past her I heard him utter, fiercely:

"Curses on that dark faced child!"

From that day my suspicion and distrust grew upon me, day by day, and hour by hour, till I could not bear to have both Vivian and Leonora out of my sight together. I reached that point when she had been six weeks with us. I marvelled if she felt any of the dread of him which she had inspired him with. I asked her one day:

"Leonora, are you not afraid of Vivian? Have you no fear of him?"

"Do I look as if I was afraid?" she asked, turning her dark grave face full towards me. "Do I ever show any fear? Do I act as if I was afraid of him?"

"Certainly not," I replied.

"No; he is afraid of me," said Leonora; "his very soul trembles with dread and fear when I watch him; and he shall have cause to fear me," she said, with a fierce flash in her black eyes, and setting her foot down as if she were crushing some reptile under her heel; "he shall learn one dark bitter day that his fear of me had foundation in his own dark guilty conscience."

"Leonora!" I exclaimed, "you know that and go on! Merciful Heaven what mighty motive can influence you to peril so much?"

"The stake at hazard is more than life or death," was her reply; "and having once put my hand to the plow, I would not, if I could, look back. From the moment I set foot in this house, it has been 'Strike lest you be struck.' I must strike him to the ground, crush him under my feet, or he will crush me."

She moved away, but when she had gone a few paces she paused, and for a minute turned her strange grave face to me, so steadfast, so calm, but one with such a look on it, that as she glided away I involuntarily stretched my arms towards the retreating form, and from my very soul burst the bitter cry:

"So young and fair! Oh, merciful father, save her! save her!"

* * * * *

It was that very evening that, as we sat in the drawing-room before the candles came in, Vivian, who had been restlessly to and fro, stopped suddenly before Leonora de Caldara, and asked her to sing something—he didn't care what. She rose instantly, and glided to the piano. He stood by with folded arms, looking down on her with that evil face of his, till I shuddered for her.

Leonora sang one song after another, till I heard her singing something. I don't recollect what, from "La Somnambula." As she struck the last chord she dropped her hands suddenly, and fixing her black eyes on Vivian, said abruptly:

"I am a somnambulist."

I saw him start and shiver. "Ugh!" said he, "I don't like somnambulism. I've heard of sleep-walkers committing ——"

"Murder," added Leonora, quietly, and with her steady gaze on him. "Yes, I have heard of such things. I nearly killed one of our slaves at Rio about eight or nine years ago; but fortunately I only wounded him."

Vivian shivered again, and the hand, which rested on the back of a chair, grasped it almost convulsively; but she added, "There are more crimes committed by wide awake people than by all the somnambulists put together."

He turned abruptly away, and left the room.

I knew Leonora had been telling a falsehood, and I wondered what her motive could be. That she had one I was convinced, for nothing she did in that house was without some deep motive. When we went up to bed I said, "Leonora, what on earth made you tell such tales to Vivian? You are not a somnambulist!"

"Of course not," she replied, coolly; "but a mind like his has a superstitious fear of somnambulists; and besides, if he should meet me at night wandering about the house, I shall be able to play that game with him."

"Child," said I, "you are a living riddle! Why should you wander about at night?"

I was sitting in a low chair as I spoke, and she turned from the glass, knelt at my feet, and laying her arms on my lap said, "Perhaps I should have told you this much before—I do so now. When Angelo's mother was murdered there were jewels stolen ——"

She paused. It was an effort to speak so calmly and steadily as she did. In a moment she mastered herself, and went on.

"The jewels were stolen, and he has them even now. I have watched and searched, but as yet I have found no trace or hint of their concealment. They are not in his private places, for I have tried them with the keys I brought with me."

"Oh, Leonora! you haven't looked?" I exclaimed.

Her lips paled a little, but she said steadily, "When I came here, Margaret, I took into my heart the doctrine that 'the end sanctifies the means,' and I have followed that out. All that is repugnant to my very

soul I have done, and do, and will unhesitatingly do."

"You have searched," I said, "everywhere, and can find no trace. Can you get no hint from him?"

"No," she replied. "I have assured myself that he has them in his possession, and I must find them. All is useless without the jewels. Once in my hands they are proof against him. They are a clue in themselves. Now listen. I have taken all this time to search this house through from top to bottom. While you and all else slept, I have been searching like a French detective, his room, Stanfeld's, even the servant's rooms; greenhouses, stables and lofts, have not escaped me. In every place where I suspected a concealment, I have searched, and I have completely satisfied myself that what I seek is not anywhere in the house or outbuildings; but now, having last night got to the end of all these, I have to day looked about and discovered another and last place where it may be, and if it is not there, Heaven help me, for my last resource will be exhausted!"

"What place do you mean?" I asked.

"You know," said she, "at the west wing of the old ruined chapel——"

"Leonora!" I exclaimed, "they cannot be there—the chapel is a mere bit of wall."

"No—not there, Margaret," she replied; "but in the lower cloisters, the vaults beneath it where all the Surreys lie buried. To night I shall take full rest, and to-morrow night I commence."

"Let me go with you," I said.

"Not for anything," she replied. "The danger and risk are mine. I know and trust myself. Keep up the tale I commenced to day. Good night now, Margaret," she said; and we lay down and slept.

## CHAPTER XVI.

IT was near midnight, that mystic hour of shades and shadows, when a tall slight figure, closely cloaked, glided from the Grange and struck boldly amongst the lofty trees of the rookery and glided swiftly on toward the west side of the mansion. There had once been a chapel there in the old time, but rude and desecrating hands had dismantled it in the civil wars. A portion of the open cloisters still stood, and in them was the entrance to the lower cloisters, which ran for a good way under the ground.

Setting down the dark lantern she carried under her mantle, the Spaniard by a great exertion of strength, and she was unromantically strong, raised the slab of pavement which formed the entrance, and laying it right back she took up the lantern, opened the bull's eye, and descended the steep stone steps it disclosed. At the bottom of this dark stairway was an iron gate rusty with damp and age, but it was locked. Leonora, no wise daunted, threw back her mantle, and the light flashed on a thick belt, profusely garnished with the various implements stuck in it—a fine file, such as runs through iron almost as a saw walks through wood, a coarser one, a stout handled hammer, a chisel, a gimblet, and a large strong clasp knife with a patent catch. This our daring adventurer now drew, inserted it deliberately between the lock and the gate, and in a moment the old rusty lock yielded to the pressure; she pushed back the gate, entered, and setting down her lantern on the steps of a massive column near the gate, she looked round her.

There were mouldering bones and grinning skulls within these iron gates that the ancient coffins could no longer hold, and had burst asunder, casting their ghastly burden forth; there was death everywhere—in every grave and mouldering bone, in the very stones and close vault-like, deathly air.

It required more stern control and iron exercise of will than anything had yet called forth to make her stand firm, and collect and bend her faculties to that which was the purpose of her life; but even in the creeping horror that was crawling over her, she did not wish for Margaret. "No," she murmured, "if this place of death can unnerve me, I am glad indeed I refused her. Out upon my cowardly heart, that it has not more of Angelo's spirit!" and once more taking up the lantern, she advanced to the lofty gates which she examined. They were tight locked, chained, so that to force either lock or chain was hopeless; but examining the padlock and chain closely, she observed that neither was very old—certainly not so old as the rest. Moreover she detected one or two small things that did not look as if a workman's hand had been there; and as she saw this her very heart throbbed, for she felt sure that what she sought was within those gates.

How to get past them. The bars, which were old and rusty, were close together; but by removing one of them, there would be an aperture not quite a foot wide, still wide enough for her slight frame to force itself through.

She drew the fine file from her belt, knelt down, totally heedless of the loathsome reptiles and relics of the dead around, and began her work; and the bats and owls and ravens flew in alarm about the vaults as the sharp steady whir whir of the file re echoed through the cloisters. So old and rust-eaten was the metal, that it was not long before the bar was filed through at the bottom; and then, placing the file breast high, she commenced again, and in ten minutes about five feet of the bar lay at her feet, and she had squeezed through the opening.

So far all had gone well. The next question was, where would he have been likely to conceal the casket? She stood for some minutes revolving in her mind the probabilities and likelihoods of the question; and she decided that he would have made some excavation in a column, and she therefore began, one after another, examining the pillars; but again she paused, and began a course of mental reasoning from her knowledge of Arthur.

"He will not have singled a column by chance, or taken the first that offered or took his eye," she reasoned; "he will have had some reason for his choice. In the state of mind he was in so shortly after the murder, the most likely thing to actuate him will have been an indefinite, to himself almost unconscious feeling of superstition, that would make him catch any straw of safety, however absurd. At any rate I will for the present assume such to have been his course, and draw my own from it. I have already examined the third row without any result. He has most likely, then, chosen the seventh row, and either the third seventh, or twenty first column; probably the last, as containing three times seven, he will in that mood have held it three times as lucky; therefore I shall first try that column."

She arrived at this conclusion in an infinitely shorter time than it takes to write or read it, and advancing towards the twenty first column in the seventh row of pillars, she closely examined it, all superstitious fear and terror gone. She first noticed that at about two feet and a half high a piece of mortar had been picked away, and the stone scraped away some two inches deep and three in the circumference of the pillar; and raising the light she saw that the slab of stone above it was the same, and so up as high as she could see, and as she saw this a new idea flashed like lightning across her quick, ready mind. He had climbed up the column by means of these and a piece of rope, as the Africans climb the palm trees.

In one of the green houses close to the chapel she remembered seeing the gardener throw some rope, and to leave the vault, make her way to the green house, get the rope, and now fearlessly return, was the work of a few minutes. She tied her lantern to her waist, passed the rope round the column and herself, and made a running noose, so that as she advanced she could slip the rope up and support herself with it.

Agile, light and strong, used by Angelo to sports girls are rarely allowed to strengthen their limbs in, it was not very difficult for Leonora in this way to climb the column. Up, up, as long as she found the mortar scraped away; up to the very roof, which was arched. She could go no further, and firmly fixing herself in her elevated perch, she raised the lantern, and examined the capital of the column and the roof near. In the roof close by she noticed that the mortar round one of the stones, which was a square foot in size, was not so dirty or old-looking as the rest; and with a hand that actually trembled, she fastened her lantern to the rope; releasing her right hand, and drawing her knife, she began scraping away the mortar that looked the least dirty. This stone, be it understood, was close upon the column, and therefore in that part of the roof which was almost as upright as the pillar itself.

This operation took nearly a quarter of an hour, and then she gave the stone a rap. It gave back a hollow sound. Still calmly, though she could almost hear her heart beating, she inserted the chisel in the interstice where the mortar had been, and forced it in, then pressed it back, and the stone fell to the ground with a dull sullen noise.

Leonora listened a moment, but all was again silent, and she lifted the lantern—the stone had covered a cavity, and in the cavity lay a mahogany box.

The box that held the jewel casket—the box she knew so well—it was in her hand, belted close to her, and she had descended the column and fled through the cloisters, and up the stone steps, before she clearly recollected anything. The fresh air restored her to herself and to calmness. She closed down the entrance, shut her lantern, and wrapping her mantle round her, struck into the plantation, circling that way round to the back way she had come out by. Two o'clock struck as she glided noiselessly to the room where she and Margaret slept. But Margaret was awake, and she sprang to Leonora, exclaiming in an eager whisper, "Oh, I am so thankful you are back! But how haggard and deathly pale you look, and your eyes burn like coals!"

"I have got them," said the Castilian, flinging back her cloak.

"How!—where!—in what way!" asked Margaret.

"Hush! and listen," said Leonora.

Margaret sat down and listened in silence to Leonora's story. "And now, Margaret," she added, "you must see them and remember the day I took them, for you will have to identify both one day."

She opened the box, and took out a beautiful jewel casket where lay three trinkets, a bracelet, a gold cross and chain, and a necklace, all so marked and curious that Margaret understood how the murderer had not dared to let any living being know he had them.

The bracelet was one which had been in the Egerton family for generations, and was of antique workmanship. The ring was of massive gold set round with diamonds, so as to form the words "Faithful to the death," their motto. The large clasp, set in gold, was a shield bearing the arms of the family, each quartering being a large ruby; the supporters were made of diamonds, and the crest over the shield (a sword and cross bound with cypress and palm) was composed of pearls and emeralds.

The second was a gold chain, and large jewelled gold cross—a present of Angelo's to his mother. It opened at the back; but, instead of relics appeared his own hair, formed into the motto of her house, "Love conquers all," and on it the "I. H. S." in the same raven locks.

The third was a costly necklace of curious and antique Moorish workmanship; and Leonora said, "This has been in the Caldara family for many generations; all, you see, are too marked for any one to mistake them, and this bracelet has more even—there, you see—look on the clasp—the back."

Margaret did so, and read in old English characters the words, "To ye Ladye Isabel, wife of Syr Walter de Egerton. From Philippa ye Q iene, 1337."

Leonora took back the jewels, locked them up, and said, "To-morrow these go to town and then——"

Ah, then! little they guessed the dark deed that "to-morrow" would witness.

* * * * *

Again turn we to Margaret Arundel's memoirs:—

It was early the next morning when I awoke. Leonora de Caldara was not in the room; and missing her hat and mantle, I guessed where she had gone. She came back before Vivian, Eveline, or Stanfeld were up. She only said with a curious look of triumph in her calm face, "I have sent Forde with the casket to Egerton. By the evening he will be here."

That day passed in torture; every hour seemed ten. I longed for, and yet dreaded that horrible evening, when Leonora's long-suffering patience would reap its fruits, and the murderer be seized.

So the hours dragged heavily on till dusk and just at the gloaming, I missed both her and Arthur. I had been up stairs with Eveline, and did not know how long they had been absent. I was going to search for them, when, pausing at a staircase window, I saw Vivian come from the chapel.

I turned so sick with apprehension, that I was obliged to lean against the wall for support. Why did he go to the cloisters that day of all days? I was sure he had been there; but before I could move, he came up and demanded, "Where is Jesuita de Castro?"

"I don't know, Arthur," I replied.

There was a look in his face that made me shiver and shrink back as he passed me—that made my distrust and suspicion suddenly rise before me in a fearfully defined shape—a terrible thing of horror, and murder, and death; yes, murder was the awful word that rung in my ears, that grew out of the silence of the old house, that the very wind in its sighing whispered, that the tall trees outside had in the ghostly rustle of their leaves—yes, it was that horrible conviction that made me creep in shivering dread to an east window which overlooked the river, and a short cut to the bridge. I saw him, dusk though it was, walking across the garden. I saw him hide something that flashed brightly in his breast, and then stop and look at his hands just as Lady Macbeth did. There was murder in his face; there was murder in that action. And then he pushed open the private gate, and I saw him turning across the field and disappear in the wood. I stood for some moments literally paralysed till the one absorbing idea that I must get help and follow him fell upon me. I caught up my hat, and ran in search of the coachman, for Stanfeld had been absent all day, and Forde, I knew, was away. I couldn't find Miles anywhere; but it was impossible for me to remain quiet after what had passed and though I generally feared that field and wood after dark, I now dashed open the gate, and set off running along the footpath.

## CHAPTER XVII.

TURNING again from the memoirs of Margaret Arundel, we retrace our way a little.

Despite all Leonora had gone through in the night, it was barely five o'clock the next morning when she left her room equipped for walking, and carrying a small heavy parcel directed to Egerton. The groom Forde she knew would be about, and stealing out of the house, she made her way round to the stables, where, sure enough, was Forde cleaning the brougham.

"Good morning, miss; you're early," was the cheerful salutation.

"Forde," said the Spaniard, speaking very low, "is Miles up yet?"

"No, miss," was the reply.

"That's well," said Leonora. "I have come to ask you a great favor. I want you to go to London for me on a message that will keep you all day; but not a creature must know it. Can you be secret?"

"Certainly, miss; and ready to do your bidding," said Forde.

"You are doing me and others more service than you imagine," said Leonora. "The message is of the last importance. Go first and put on a plain dress—not your livery—be quick!"

It was not many minutes before Forde returned in his Sunday's best.

"Come," said Leonora, "we shall just catch the train by the short cut. I will tell you what I want at the station."

They set off at a rapid pace across the field, and as they entered the wood, she paused and giving him the packet said, "Can you read my writing there plainly? Is it plain?"

"Very, miss," he replied. "This is directed to Sir Angelo R. Egerton, St. James's Square, London."

"Yes, that is it," said Leonora. "Take this packet straight to Sir Angelo Egerton, and never let it leave your hands until you place it in his. Remain till he opens it, for you will probably have to wait and come down here with him by an evening train. Now let us hurry on again. Here is my purse, and you will find in it all you require."

It was five and-twenty minutes past five when they reached the station. They were in time. The train came up, and only waiting to see it off, Leonora rapidly retraced her steps to the Grange unseen.

In restless anxiety that was almost unendurable she passed the day. Egerton could not, she knew, be down before evening; for he would have to get a warrant from a magistrate for Vivian's arrest, and then come with a detective officer. As soon as it began to grow dusk, she took her hat and wandered out with the intention of going to Forest New Bridge, and watching there till Angelo should come, feeling sure that Forde would bring him that way. It was still tolerably light when she reached the bridge, but little caring for being out alone at that hour, she crossed over and went into the station.

"When will the next train from London stop!" she said to the clerk.

"In half-an-hour, ma'am," was the reply. "It's due at 8 35."

She turned back and slowly recrossed the bridge, pausing awhile at the spot where Cassy had taken her mad leap; then she went down on to the strand, and sat down under the shadow of the arch. All around was very still and silent. The river rippled quietly at her feet, the growing darkness crept stealthily over the sky, and the shadow of the bridge grew deeper in the calm deep water, whilst the lights of the village on the other side began to twinkle in the distance. It was a very lonely spot, not a living being in sight or hearing, but the thoughts of the watcher were too far away to notice anything around her; it seemed such a long weary time since she had seen Angelo or heard the low musical tones of his voice. All that had passed since then seemed like a dark dream, the shadow of which still hung over her, and she rose up to shake it off.

At that moment a step struck on the strand, a shadow indeed fell across her, and Arthur Vivian stood before her.

For the first time Margaret's forebodings rushed across her, and a deathly chill ran to the child's very heart as she found herself alone in that lonely place with a desperate man. He had discovered his loss, she could see that in the look of his livid black eyes, in every line of his fiendishly beautiful face, as he confronted her.

"What are you doing here at this hour!" he said, with an intonation that made her shiver inwardly, though outwardly she maintained her cool self possession knowing that if she lost that she was a lost being. If she could keep him at bay for ten minutes the train would arrive.

"I wandered out," she replied, "while it was light; the time has passed quickly. This scene is really beautiful in this dim gloaming."

He glanced for half a moment at the scene. If she could have passed him, she would have sprung up the bank and fled across the bridge; but she was under the arch, and he stood so that to pass him was impossible without his detecting her motive. She stood quiet, though she knew the hour had come which she had foreseen in the words, "The instant the chaos assumes a clear form he will try to murder me." She maintained her calmness and coolness, and yet never had the love of life been so strong in her. She spoke again.

"It will look better from the bridge; let us go up there and see."

He turned upon her now. "No," he said; "stand where you are, girl. Ha! the reckoning has come at last, and I am your master now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Weather report—Thunder.

### THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends are gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

## Ready Money.

BY C. J.

SO you are going to be married, Kate! Well, I hope you have made a wise choice."

"O yes, uncle," I replied lightly; "I know I have. Henry is to make me perfectly happy."

"What has he got?" was the next pleasant observation that fell from Uncle Jocelyn's lips.

"Got? uncle! I don't know what you mean," I answered, growing rosy red at the unexpected inquiry.

"What are his means? What does he intend to settle upon you?"

"He has his business," promptly interrupted my mother.

"And he is so clever, he is sure to get on," I added, in my eagerness to assure Uncle Jocelyn it was all right as regarded my future.

"That will depend a great deal upon you, Kate," he replied gravely "The wife has more to do in making or marring her husband than is generally suspected. A careless, extravagant, bad wife is the greatest curse a man can have; a good one is the greatest blessing. Take my advice; live well within your means, and always pay ready money."

I remember that conversation so well with Uncle Jocelyn, some few weeks before my marriage; at the time it did not strike me so forcibly as afterwards, for my mind was too filled with other and to me more interesting matters.

My husband's name was Henry Arden. He was six and-twenty, five years my senior. His position in life was a fairly good one, he having a small interest in a first-rate business which gave him over fifteen hundred a year. Consequently our start in life promised to be a fair one.

We were to live in the city and must have a house of our own. The prospect of possessing one jointly with Henry was very pleasant to me.

We must have spent a small fortune in cab-hire before we finally found just what we wanted; even then, though the situation was good and the domicile desirable, the rent rather frightened us; it was five hundred a year unfurnished; but for all that we took a lease of it for seven years.

We knew nothing about furnishing, never dreamt of the dangers of green wood or the inevitable result of cheap investments; still nothing could have surpassed our prudence—before we set out.

When we got into the shop we had selected as the one to patronise, we found that the things we had thought of were very interior to our imaginings; a trifle more here and a trifle there could make no great difference in the sum total, and be everything to us in the niceness and prettiness of our house. So where we had calculated to spend one thousand we spent over two thousand, and most of this Henry had to borrow.

But the first shock over, the offending bill was thrust aside—all would be paid in good time; and for the present we both resolved to dismiss it from our minds.

Friends were rapidly gathering round us; we must receive and pay visits.

Then came our first entertainment with its attendant expenses, which it was absolutely impossible to avoid; for in Henry's position it was, as we thought, most necessary for us to maintain a good appearance; and as his wife, it was also incumbent upon me to dress as well and fashionably as I could.

So things went on, and before we had been married two years I need hardly say we were hopelessly and horribly in debt. Retrenchment seemed utterly impossible.

To outward appearance, however, we seemed a very prosperous pair. Our house was now as elegant as our neighbors'.

I had a thousand costly little trifles lying about in the drawing room, got from time to time, and as usual not paid for, some of which the shopkeepers themselves had pressed me into purchasing.

Sometimes a sharp pang shot through me when I thought over our position, and I wished when we first set up that I had had sufficient sense to persuade Henry to do so more in accordance with our income than we had done; but it was too late now; we must trust to some good fortune turning up.

One day when our depressed feelings were at their height, who should suddenly walk in but Uncle Jocelyn. He had never been in our house since we were married.

"You have a beautiful little house, Kate," was almost the first thing he said. "I had no notion Henry was such a rich man."

"Hadn't you, uncle?" I said, trying to laugh.

"I am truly pleased to see you so comfortable," continued Uncle Jocelyn kindly. "This room must have cost you a pretty penny, Kate; and I daresay you have a nest egg somewhere as well."

"Oh, it isn't very much," I answered, really referring to the room, but as he thought to the nest-egg; and imagining I meant that the latter, though of small proportions, did exist, he responded most cordially:

"Doesn't matter how small, Kate; there's plenty of time to make it larger."

It was no use undeceiving him, though at that very moment an ominous envelope was delivered to me with the announcement that the person who brought it was waiting for an answer; to which I returned the usual formula, that Mr. Arden was out, but would call in a day or two.

I tried to look as indifferent as possible; but I felt Uncle Jocelyn's eyes were upon me, and my face colored painfully, nor did my confusion escape the kind scrutiny. I felt thoroughly convinced he had drawn his own conclusions.

I need not give all the details of Uncle Jocelyn's visit; suffice it to say that it was one long martyrdom that afternoon to me; and it was a positive relief when his kind old face vanished and I found myself alone once more.

However, our struggle then was just beginning, for we sank deeper and deeper. It was like a quicksand—the more we struggled the deeper we got. We dared not openly retrench—we lacked the moral courage; and our private attempts were the merest drops in the ocean of that mighty sea into which we had drifted, simply and solely because we had at the outset ignored the golden rule, so impressed upon me by Uncle Jocelyn, to live within our means, and to pay ready-money.

Once or twice I thought of confiding our woes to my mother; but I dared not; intuitively I knew that although in his prosperity Henry was a great favorite with her, she would regard him very differently if misfortunes came; and I felt I could bear anything rather than hear him blamed, especially as in my inmost heart I knew I was equally, if not actually more to blame than he was.

"The crash could not be staved off for long; a crisis must shortly come." So said Henry one lovely June evening, when we were sitting disconsolately discussing all manner of wild impossible schemes. "A crisis can't be far off, Kate. What we are to do, I know not!"

We fancied the amazement of our friends—the nine days' wonder our misfortunes would cause, little dreaming that our ending had long been confidently predicted by them, and that our hospitality had been roundly censured and condemned by the very partakers of it.

What would mother say? What would everybody say? Worst of all, what would Uncle Jocelyn say?

But soon the worst came to the worst—our house was our own no longer; a man—strange and to me most terrible—was comfortably making himself at home in our kitchen—in other words, had taken possession!

How could Henry show his face at the office! How could I ever venture out again!

I shall never forget the two days that followed after I wrote and told my mother; on the third, when I was almost stupefied with the magnitude of our misfortunes, and during Henry's absence had shut myself up in my room, some one knocked at the door, and in answer to my very subdued "Come in," it was gently opened, showing the familiar friendly face of Uncle Jocelyn.

"My poor child!" he exclaimed—"my little Kate!"—and he folded me in his arms with all the tenderness of a father. "I only heard of it all this morning," he said, "and I started off immediately. Cheer up, Kate; don't grieve your old uncle by tears. Things can't be past mending; and I wouldn't be here if I hadn't come to help you."

And how he helped us! Without a word of anger or reproach, he listened to Henry's and my story; we told it truthfully, not sparing or attempting to justify ourselves for our culpable conduct; and when all was confessed, he simply wrote a check for the full amount of our liabilities.

The total was a serious one; but we were saved not only from the disgrace but from Henry's dismissal from a partnership which afterwards was the means of our possessing a fortune far beyond what we had ever in our rosiest imaginings dreamed of.

By Uncle Jocelyn's advice we sublet Amberley Villas, and retired to a more roomy house in a less expensive and less fashionable locality; we sold all our superfluities, which had become actually hateful to me, and then we started once more with a small but certain income.

How much happier we were, and how grateful to Uncle Jocelyn, it would require a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe, and it was only the other day he was giving me some gentle hints as to the training of my sons.

"It's a mother's influence that tells upon the man, Kate; it's the lesson she teaches in childhood that he remembers best!"

"Yes, Uncle Jocelyn," I answered; "I know you are right. I hope amongst the many things I desire to teach them, one especially mayn't be forgotten—you know what that is?"

"To fear God," replied Uncle Jocelyn reverently.

"That first of all," I answered; "but I meant something else"

"What?" queried Uncle Jocelyn.

"Never to buy what they can't afford, and always to pay ready-money."

### HANGCHOW FANS.

THE Hangchow fan has a great many bones. It is a very strongly made article; and though only of paper, prepared in some way with oil, may remain plunged in water (it is said) for twenty four hours without injury. But this fan finds no favor with those who can afford to pick and choose, and for a rather singular reason. Just as with the Chinese white is the emblem of death and mourning, so black is regarded as typical of moral impurity, and black things are consequently avoided on the strength of the proverb, "Proximity to vermilion makes a man red; to ink, black." Now the Hangchow fan is, with the exception of a sprinkling of gold or silver on the face, as black as it well could be, and it is therefore at a discount even among those by whom the most trifling form of economy cannot be satisfactorily ignored.

Chair coolies, everywhere a degraded class, invest their money in these fans without hesitation, doubtless feeling themselves beyond the reach of such influences as these. Old men, too, may use black fans without scruple. Their age is held to have placed them on a vantage ground in this as in all other respects; for, Confucius observed, "That which is really white may be in the darkest dye without being made black," and a man who has led for years a spotless life is unlikely to be influenced for the bad by mere contact with a fan. Black fans, with black lacquer handles, are made in Canton for sale to the outside barbarian, the hated foreigner, whose moral obliquity is regarded by the masses of China as more pronounced than that of the lowest of their low.

Besides that large non folding feather fan, generally looked upon in Europe as a hand screen for the fire, some beautiful specimens of the folding fan are also to be seen in feathers, which show, on being opened, beautifully-painted bouquets of flowers, butterflies, birds, etc. Kingfishers' feathers and beetles' wings were also largely employed in the manufacture of fans and screens, and tortoise shell and jade are occasionally used in elaborating the handles of the more expensive kinds.

White silk, stretched tightly over both sides of a narrow frame, round, octagonal, sexagonal, or polygonal, as the case may be, forms what is considered in the higher circles of Chinese society the ne plus ultra of elegance and refinement; especially so when some charming study in flower or landscape painting on the obverse is accompanied by a sparkling stanza on the reverse, signed by the writer and addressed to the friend for whose delectation it is intended. This is a very favorite present among the Chinese, and as poets and painters are but a small minority in China, as elsewhere, it follows that any man who is sufficiently an artist to supply either the verses or the design need not starve for want of occupation. One of the highest officers and most renowned calligraphists in the Chinese Empire at the present time, when formerly a struggling student at Foochow, eked out a scanty livelihood by writing inscriptions for fans in all kinds of styles, ancient and modern, at about forty cents per fan. Outside his door was a notice calling the attention of the public to the above fact, and the fancy name he gave to his studio was "Laugh, but Buy."

A shocking discovery was made not long since at Lanteglos, Cornwall. A farmer and his wife lived alone in a house, the former being paralytic and unable to move. The wife went to bed in fair health, but on her husband awaking the next morning he found that she was dead by his side. Unable to move, or make any one hear by shouting, the poor man was compelled to lie all day with his wife's corpse beside him; and it was not until evening that neighbors broke in and discovered the horrible fact.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

ANTS.—A recent discourse at the Royal Institution of London was given by Sir John Lubbock. He pointed out that ants have their desires, their passions, and even their caprices. The young are absolutely helpless. Their communities are no mere collections of independent individuals nor even temporary associations, like the flocks of migratory birds, but organized communities laboring with the utmost harmony for the common good.

"PROOF SPIRIT."—"Proof spirit" was so called because in the pre scientific age it was customary to levy duty on spirits by a rough and ready process called the "proof," and conducted as follows: A small heap of gunpowder was wetted with the spirit to be tested, and the wet spirit was then set alight. If the spirit was strong, the gunpowder became ignited, and flashed off very soon after the spirit was lighted; but, if the spirit was weak, the water left behind as it burned off wetted the gunpowder so that it failed to become inflamed.

A PROLIFIC FORTY YEARS.—In the forty years between the close of 1760 and the close of 1800 there were born Rogers, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Lamb, Southey, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Grote, Keble, Hogg Cooper, Knowles Sheridan, Landor, Lewis, Leyden, Dr. Croly, John Wilson, Lockhart, Maturin, Campbell, Lord Holland, DeQuincy, Washington Irving, H. K. White, Dr. Arnold, Thirlwall, Hallam, Carlyle, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Sir F. Mackintosh, Brougham, Macauley, Bancroft, and Frere. Burns was born just before the year first named expired.

A STRANGE LAKE.—Lake Tahoe is in California; here, at an elevation of a mile and a quarter above the ocean, rests this inland sea, twenty five miles long and ten wide. Pebbles may be counted, and trout may be seen sporting at a depth of eighty feet, so clear and smooth is the water. It has been sounded to depth of 3 000 feet, and is so cold, even in summer, that the water, when taken from below the surface, is near to the freezing point, although it never freezes in the coldest weather. On account of the variety of the atmosphere, the waters are not very buoyant objects sinking like lead. Nothing ever floats on the surface.

POPULAR CURES FOR WARTS.—One old mode of charming them away is to take an elder shoot and rub it on the part; then cut away as many notches on the twig as you have warts, bury it in a place where it will decay, and as it rots away the warts will disappear. Another is to take a black snail and rub the excrescences with it; then impale it on a thorn, and leave it to perish. As it dries up and disappears the warts will vanish. According to another form of the charm, the warts must be rubbed with a snail for nine consecutive nights. Still another wart charm is to take the shell of a broad bean and rub the affected part with inside thereof; bury the shell, and tell no more about it. As soon as it withers away so will the wart.

THE GENERIS OF THE MOSQUITO.—A scientist writes: For several years past I have noticed in warm weather that my wooden cistern has been infested with peculiar looking little red worms. Last summer I procured a glass jar, and sprinkled the bottom of it with a very small quantity of sand and clay. I then half filled the jar with clear fresh water, and after putting a dozen of these worms in the jar I tied a piece of cloth over the mouth, and placed it in a light, airy place. Within twenty four hours after placing them in the jar I noticed that they had all gone down to the bottom of the vessel and had enveloped themselves separately in a kind of temporary shell made of earth and sand. In a few days after this I saw one of these worms crawl out of his temporary house at the bottom of the jar and swim to the surface of the water. Here, after twisting about for a few seconds, he ruptured a thin membrane that enveloped his body, and came out a full-fledged mosquito ready for business.

THE HARDEST MODE TO DIE.—To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect. On the first attempt, by one of the frantic adherents of Spain to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of the face and brought him to the ground. In the instant preceding stupefaction he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannot-shot which plunged into the brain of Chales XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack, and the necessity for defence, was pressed on him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval of thought. But it by no means follows that the inflicting of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang, though from what is known of the first effect of gun shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute.

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY CONSTANCE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are lifted.
There never was a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning:
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then heaven blame for the tangled ends
And sit to grieve and wonder.

# INEZ;

—OR,—

## LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIX.—[CONTINUED.]

THE day was bright and cloudless, such as one only sees in Italy; the sky was blue, the sun bright, and the gardens were perfection. Lady Florence lingered, like one fascinated, by the side of Inez. She had never seen her look so handsome or so bright. There were numerous strangers in the gardens, and many were the admiring glances that followed the beautiful Andalusian. She had thrown off her troubles and cares, and given herself up to the charm of the day. Her husband looked at her in admiration, her glowing beauty, gay spirits, and musical laugh, all seeming to have a new and more potent fascination for him. They were as happy as children. No one could have guessed that over one amongst them there hung the blackest cloud and the most bitter sorrow.

All day they lingered in the gardens, admiring the relics of antiquity that greeted the eye at every turn; the long terraces and the grand and beautiful views seen from them.

"I am tired," said Lady Lynne, with a smile. "If you will persist in going over these terraces again, Agatha, take Philip with you. I will rest here, at the feet of this statue. You will know where to find me."

They laughed at what they called her indolence, and then went away. Lady Florence begged that she might remain with Lady Lynne.

Inez sat at the feet of the statue, and Florence gazed admiringly at her beautiful, smiling face.

"How happy you are, Lady Lynne! I think no one in the world is so happy as you," said Lady Florence.

Florence did not detect the deep bitterness of the laugh in which her companion indulged.

"My best wish for you, Florence," she answered, "is that you may be happier than I am."

"That would be impossible," she said; and then sprung to her feet in terrified astonishment.

A change, almost ghastly, had come over the face of Lady Lynne. Her eyes grew dim and full of horror; her lips parted and quivered.

"Dear Lady Lynne!" cried the young girl, "are you ill? What is it? Shall I call any one?"

With a desperate effort Inez recovered herself.

"I am faint and tired," she replied; "do not say anything, Florence—not one word. It distresses Lord Lynne and Agatha. See," she continued, carelessly, as a gentleman sauntered slowly down the path—"here is one of my husband's friends, the Count Rinaldo Montalti."

There was a dark frown upon the count's face, but it vanished when he saw that Inez was not alone. He bowed most courteously.

"I am happy to find you, Lady Lynne," he said. "Your servants directed me to the villa."

"How long have you been in Rome?" she asked.

"I only arrived this morning," he replied. "I left London hurriedly, and on important business. I found that a friend, in whom I had placed great reliance, had played me false!"

"How unpleasant!" said Lady Lynne, coldly, seeing that he stopped and awaited her reply.

"It will be so for my friend!" he said sneeringly; "but I am forgetting, Lady Lynne, I must ask for an introduction to your companion, whose face seems strangely familiar to me."

Lady Lynne complied with his wish with a very ill grace.

"Florence," she then continued, gently, "Lord Lynne and Agatha are over there on that large terrace. Will you be kind enough to tell them that the Count Montalti is here? I am so tired, I can go no farther."

Lady Florence hastened to comply with her wish, and then Inez found herself alone with her enemy.

### CHAPTER XXX.

"YOU thought you had escaped me," said the count, as soon as they were alone. "How very foolish and blind you are, my lady! You cannot fly from your fate."

"So I begin to perceive," she replied coldly.

She might dread the danger, but face to face with it, Lady Lynne was far from being a coward.

"I shall not repeat all I said before," he continued. "I never change—my purposes are inflexible. I am here to marry your sister, by your help and aid. Unless you give that to me, and use your influence to such good purpose as to persuade her to accept me, I shall tell all I know to Lord Lynne, and claim both you and your fortune from him."

"Then, in reality, my fate lies in my sister's words—not yours," she replied. "If she accepts you, I am saved; if she refuses you, I am lost. So be it. I would rather take death from her hands than life from yours."

There was a dreary pathos in her tone that might have moved a heart of stone.

"Be reasonable, Inez," he said, more gently, "and you will have nothing to fear. I shall not wait long in suspense; this very evening you must begin the work I have given you to do."

"If I tell you it is all in vain," she replied—"that Agatha loves some one else—that her lover is here in Rome, what shall you say or do?"

"Nothing," he replied, with a grim, inflexible smile. "If that be the case, you will have perhaps a harder task than I expected. But you will succeed; she will never resist your persuasions."

"Count Rinaldo," said Lady Lynne, gently, "will nothing but this content you? Must my sister be sacrificed? Is there no one else in the wide world you can seek but her?"

"No," he replied; "it is your sister, and no one else, I want."

"I have pleaded with you for the last time," she said haughtily. "My doom is fixed. I shall not ask for mercy or compassion."

"That is something like common sense, Inez," he returned, more cheerfully; "now we shall do. I thought you would see wisdom at last."

She looked at him for a moment, in utter wonder that he could mistake her meaning so entirely. He winced before the calm scorn of that beautiful face, and then Lord Lynne, who had joined them, claimed his attention. He was unfeignedly glad to see the courteous Italian again; he welcomed him warmly, and gave him a pressing invitation to visit frequently at the Palazzo Giorni. Agatha received him with a marked coolness that did not escape her sister's notice.

"We are quite fortunate," said Lord Lynne, "in meeting so many of our friends. Some country neighbors of ours are in Rome now, or will be here soon—the Leighs. You will like them very much, count; they are old friends of ours."

Count Rinaldo declared that he should be charmed to meet any friends of Lord Lynne's. They left the gardens together, and he drove home with them, when Lord Lynne invited him to spend the remainder of the evening.

"Lady Lynne has been very ill," he said; "it was on account of her delicate health that we left London so suddenly; she is much better now, and cheerful society will do her good."

It might have been a pleasant evening, for Lord Lynne was animated and happy, Lady Florence seemed to have recovered the gay, cheerful manner that had once been her great charm, the count told irresistible anecdotes of his London adventures, and Agatha listened, amused and interested; but Lady Lynne had a weary, listless look upon her face, and her heart was sad almost unto death. Once or twice Lord Lynne gave an anxious look at his wife.

"She is not very strong," he thought; "I must not let her fatigue herself too much."

How could he ever dream of the depth of anguish in that wearied heart!

That night Lady Lynne could not sleep; in vain were pillows of softest down made smooth and cool; the hot, aching head tossed wearily from side to side, seeking for the rest she was never more to find. At times there was a strong impulse upon her to seek her husband, and confess all to him. But then she would never see him again—her sin, her trouble, and her triumph, would be all in vain.

"Better," said the perverted heart, "far better to die while he loves you that to live without him."

No sleep came to ease the burning eyes and the aching head. When the gray dawn of morning came Lady Lynne went quietly to her maid's room.

"Stephanie," she said to her, "will you get up and find me that little bottle of laudanum I had when my face ached so badly."

"Certainly, my lady," replied the willing maid. "I am so sorry your face is bad again. I would have been up long ago if I had known."

When Stephanie brought the little phial, she looked with alarm at her lady's pale face.

"The pain must have been very bad," she said; "what can I do?"

"Nothing now," replied Inez.

When the maid disappeared Inez carefully dropped a small portion of the liquid into a spoon and drank it.

After that she slept the unrefreshing sleep that results from opiates.

Lord Lynne and Agatha were full of commiseration the next morning; Stephanie had told them how her lady had suffered so much from her old complaint, neuralgia in the face, that she had been obliged to procure opium to rub it with.

"I thought something was wrong last evening," said Philip, "you were so quiet; but Inez, my darling, be careful of that opium; a small quantity may deaden the pain; but mind now that you do not take too much."

The afternoon brought Count Rinaldo to the Palazzo Giorni. Lord Lynne spoke much of the Leighs, and of the pleasure they should feel in being all together once more.

"I should not wonder," he said, "if they arrive this very day."

An uneasy expression came over the face of the count.

"Do you expect your friends to-day?" he said, turning to Inez.

"They will probably reach here," she replied, understanding fully all that was comprised in the question.

Lord Lynne was not deceived in his expectations, for just as he had finished dinner, the door opened and Sir Allan Leigh and Miss Leigh were announced.

Evelyne had quite recovered her bloom; her smile was bright as ever; all trace of her long illness had vanished.

Sir Allan had altered wonderfully. He was a tall, handsome man, with a bronzed face and dark moustache. There was one thing in which it was quite evident he had not changed—that was his deep and lasting love for Agatha Lynne. Tall and strong as he was, poor Sir Allan trembled like an aspen leaf when her little hand lay for a moment in his grasp, and her sweet, true eyes smiled upon him again.

And Miss Agatha Lynne, who had felt uncomfortable when Lord Hortington had paid attentions to her—who shunned the handsome and courteous Count Montalti—looked very shy and conscious as the honest, manly young baronet lingered near her, and seemed to forget that any one else existed. Evelyne and Lady Florence were very happy together—both had the same love and keen appreciation of humor; and Lord Lynne's face positively beamed with happiness when he heard the ripple of silvery laughter that sounded through the room. In the course of the evening Count Rinaldo appeared, and was cordially welcomed by the hospitable nobleman, who really liked a house full of visitors.

"I was passing by," said the Italian, "and thought I should like to know if your friends had arrived."

He was introduced to Sir Allan and Evelyne, and watched, with scrutinizing eyes, the devotion paid by the young baronet to Agatha.

Coffee having been handed round, the long windows that opened on to the balcony were opened. It was one of the prettiest in Rome; graceful flowers were entwined in the ironwork, making quite an ornamental bower of it, and there was a view of unrivalled magnificence from it, that Inez had spent hours in admiring.

It was with great, though silent, amusement, that Lord Lynne saw Sir Allan, with seeming indifference, gradually persuading Agatha to come out upon the balcony to him.

"There is no chance for Lord Hortington," he said to himself. "Allan has been the favorite all along."

Some one else watched this proceeding with angry eyes.

"You have known these—your friends—some time," remarked the Italian to Lord Lynne.

"Ever since we were children," he replied.

When quite sure of not being overheard, Count Rinaldo drew near Lady Lynne. He held a small engraving in his hand, and under pretence of asking her about it, he bent over her.

"What progress are you making in my cause?" he asked.

"None!" she replied.

"Answer me truly," he continued; "have you spoken to your sister as I requested you?"

"Not one word!" she said, raising her eyes unflinchingly to his face.

"Count," said Lord Lynne, "will you give us your opinion? Is not this engraving copied from Giorgone?"

He muttered something that sounded like execration, and leaving Inez, went over to her husband.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

"HOW strange it seems," said Sir Allan to Agatha, "for us all to meet here in Rome. But how altered your sister looks; she must have been ill."

"She has," replied Agatha; "but Rome suits her; she is much better and stronger now."

"Do you know what brought me here?" he continued.

"No," said she, looking up into his face; but she saw something there that caused a vivid crimson to flush her own, while her sweet eyes drooped shyly before the ardent gaze that seemed, if possible, to read her very thoughts.

It came out then—the long-treasured secret of his love; and his story was so well and so eloquently told, and bore in every word the impress of truth and nobility, that no girl could have listened to it unmoved.

"You are as far above me, Agatha, as that blue sky," said Sir Allan; "but if you will try to love me, my whole life shall repay you. Do not keep me in suspense; tell me, will you try to love me?"

He could hardly hear the faintly-whispered answer. It was favorable to him, he knew, by the droop of the golden head and the flutter of the little white hand in his own.

"Miss Lynne, are you not afraid of the night dew?" said a voice which made Agatha start and look guilty. Turning round, she saw Count Rinaldo, with a strange expression on his face, and a light like flame in his eyes. "There is a splendid view from this balcony," he continued, carelessly turning to Sir Allan, who heartily wished him at the antipodes—while Agatha made her escape and re entered the room.

The half quizzical smile she saw upon Lord Lynne's lips, sent her, with a burning face, to her sister's side.

Count Rinaldo was the first to take his leave; as he did so he silently placed a small folded piece of paper in Lady Lynne's hand. Then Sir Allan and Evelyne rose to go.

"Philip," said the young baronet, in a low voice, "you are Miss Lynne's guardian. What time will it be convenient for you to see me to-morrow?"

"About three," replied Lord Lynne; "and Allan, dear boy, I understand it. I wish you all the happiness in the world, and I believe you will have it."

When their visitors had departed Lord Lynne went to Inez.

"Are you tired?" he asked, kindly. "I am afraid all this talking and laughing has been too much for you. It is like old times to see Allan and Evelyn once more. Do you remember the charades and the tableaux, Inez? If Bertie Bohun were here we might have them all over again."

Did she remember them? A pang, sharp and bitter as death, shot through her heart. Was not every hour of that happy time burned in upon her memory? Had she dreamed then, in the hour of her beauty and triumph, of the fate that awaited her?

"Come here, little sister," said Lord Lynne to Agatha. "I wonder what took place in that romantic looking balcony. I wonder what Allan is coming to say to me to-morrow?"

"Please do not tease her Philip," said Lady Lynne, as she saw her sister's face grow crimson.

"I will not tease her, my dear," replied Lord Lynne. "I will only say one word—I think she showed good taste when she returned the white hyacinth to me."

"Returned it to you!" cried Agatha, in wonder. "Why—"

But the words were arrested on her lips. Inez had fallen back with a cry that rang through the room.

"That is my fault," said Lord Lynne, raising her tenderly. "I invite people here, and forget how necessary quiet and repose are for her."

Inez had not fainted. It seemed rather as though some sudden blow had been struck her.

"Philip," she said, in a faint voice, "what trouble I give you. But you love me, my husband, do you not?"

"Of course I do, darling," he replied; "and I ought to be a great deal more careful of you."

"Tell me just once again that you love me," she said gently.

He bent over her, and smiled into the beautiful pale face, while he whispered that he loved her better than his life.

Lady Lynne would not go to her room until Agatha and Lady Florence had gone to theirs. Then, when she was sure her sister and her husband would not meet again that evening, she went up stairs to her own

chamber, a handsome apartment, with some traces of the old Roman luxury in it—large mirrors, large statues and pictures, silken hangings, and thick, soft carpets were all there; but Lady Lynne noted nothing of the magnificence that surrounded her. Stephanie awaited her mistress, a dressing gown thrown over her arm.

"I will not keep you this evening," said Lady Lynne to her maid. "Fetch my writing desk, there is something in it I have forgotten."

The maid speedily returned, bearing with her the desk given by Lord Lynne to his wife.

"At least, my lady," she said, as her mistress waved her hand in token of dismissal, "let me remove your ornaments, and unfasten your hair."

Listlessly and silently Lady Lynne sat down in the easy chair drawn up to the toilette table, gazing steadfastly at the face reflected in the mirror.

One by one the skilful handmaiden removed the jewels from the thick tresses of raven hair; then she unfastened it, and let it fall in all its rich luxuriance over her mistress' shoulders.

"No one ever had such hair as my lady," she murmured to herself, brushing it the while, and as proud of its glossy magnificence as though it were her own.

Very beautiful did Inez look then, with that wealth of hair flowing like a veil over her white shoulders. Steadfastly and silently she gazed at the wondrous loveliness of her face in the mirror, the dark, lustrous eyes with their jetty fringe, the rich, red lips, the queenly brow, the exquisite cheeks. There were few such faces in the world.

"All in vain," she murmured—"all in vain."

"Did my lady say anything?" asked Stephanie.

"No," replied Inez. "Bring me the little phial—so that if I am in pain I need not call any one."

Stephanie obeyed, and then went out, wondering why her mistress looked so long and calmly at the mirror.

Then Inez remembered the note that had been put into her hand. It was in her dress pocket; she arose and found it. Her hand did not tremble as she opened it, her lips never once quivered as she read it, although the few lines it contained were her death-warrant.

"I shall call to morrow at three," wrote Count Rinaldo; "I shall ask a private interview with your sister, and make her an offer of marriage. If she accepts me, which she will do if you use your influence, all is well; if she refuses me, I shall ask for Lord Lynne. I shall tell him all that took place at Serranto, and claim you and your fortune as mine by prior right. Nothing will move me from this purpose. Instead of wasting your time in useless appeals to me, spend it in persuading your sister to accept me."

"I am hunted down!" cried the wretched girl, as the note fell from her nerveless grasp; "I am hunted down! Ruin lies on all sides of me. To morrow Philip will ask Agatha what she meant by not understanding his allusion to the white hyacinth; to-morrow he will know that I lied and schemed, and betrayed my sister to win his love; to-morrow he will know that I have deceived him—he will know all the wretched story of my folly and credulity, my sin and shame—will know that I am no wife for an honorable man. Oh, Heaven, can I bear it?"

She did not weep now as she had done months ago, when she wept for the love given to another. The time for tears was over with Inez Lynne. A pallor like that of death settled on her beautiful young face.

"It must be fate!" she cried, as with quick step she paced up and down the room; "it must be fate. If one shame did not hang over me, another would; and I can face neither. Oh, why have I wasted my youth, my beauty, my genius? Why have I sinned?"

This was the cry of the ruined soul in her hour of remorse:

"Why have I sinned?"

"To morrow men and women will shun me. My sister, whom I have learned to love so dearly, will pass by me. I betrayed her, and took her love from her."

No idle sophistries came in this hour to ease her conscience, or take away the sting of her sorrow. She no longer excused herself, or saw things through a false medium. In the stillness and dead of night she stood face to face with her sins; she saw herself clearly, as she had never done before, with no veil of illusion hiding the reality from her.

"And I might have been happy!" she cried passionately. "It is too late now. I am lost! My beauty, my genius, my talent, have brought me to this: and I might have been happy and beloved."

She went to the window, and drawing aside the silken hangings, gazed out into the quiet, serene Italian night. The golden stars seemed to burn in the depths of the dark blue sky; a soft, sweet, silvery light lay on flower, tree, and distant hill. She laid her hot, wearied head against the cool glass, and stood watching this calm and beauty. Like great resistless waves, there surged through her mind the memories of her life. She saw herself a discontented child in the gloomy house of Serranto. Instead of making the best of things, she had given way to anger against every one connected with her; instead of seeking refuge either in her duties or her studies, she had given herself up to dreams. She had lived in a world of her own—had made herself unfit for real life by constantly indulging in day dreams. When her mind was weakened, her morbid imagination excited, the temptation had come, and found her unable to resist.

She remembered the first meeting with that ruthless man who tracked her to her doom. Ah, if she had but been open and honest, if she had but confessed to Madame Monteleone, if she had but told her she had seen him, all would have been well. But she had met him over and over again; she had worked herself into believing that she really loved him, and then came that crowning horror of her life—that foolish, secret marriage.

"Was I mad when consenting to it?" the poor girl asked herself again and again; "would not a child have been wiser and more prudent?"

The crimson blood dyed her face when she remembered the dupe she had been, the grief and suspense, the sorrow she had felt for the man she now hated—and that letter, which had killed her love, youth and faith at one blow.

Then came the remembrance of the father who had loved her, despite his neglect—if she had but told him all, surely he might have helped her. She remembered that calm, happy life at Lynnewolde when her beauty and grace won those cold English hearts, and she had learned to love her cousin with all the deep, wild force of her passionate nature.

She remembered a night, even such a one as this, when the silver moonlight had rested upon the trees, and she had sat among the roses, happy in her passionate love.

Then came the temptation and the fall; she betrayed the gentle sister who loved her, the kinsman who trusted her; she schemed, toiled, to win his love, she won it, and now her sin had found her out.

"It has been all wrong!" she cried; "wrong from the beginning—nothing could undo it. I cannot bear the shame and exposure; there is but one escape. I have lived a coward's life—I must die a coward's death!"

Then she left the window and opened the little writing-desk. A portrait of her husband, taken only a few days before, lay among the papers; she kissed it passionately, but no tear fell from her burning eyes upon the loved features.

She wrote rapidly, and her letter was to Agatha. She confessed all to her. She told her in minutest details the story of her life at Serranto, its living death, its unbearable monotony and gloom; of her fancied love, her folly and blindness, her rash, hurried marriage, her brief dream of happiness, and her despairing awakening when she found the fatal letter; she concealed nothing. Then she told her of her journey home, and the anguish she had felt in bearing with her the burden of her secret.

Without praying for pardon, she told the story of the white hyacinth, and owned how she had betrayed her sister and robbed her of the love and position that ought to have been hers. She told, too, how she had striven to win that love for herself, and had succeeded—how, in the very hour of her brightest triumph, her sin had found her out, and the man she believed dead had stood before her alive and well—how he had tortured her, and would only leave her in peace at the sacrifice of her sister's happiness.

"I could not betray you again, Agatha," she wrote. "I might have done so, for you love me very much; and perhaps had I tried to persuade you, you might have listened to the count. I could not betray you again; and when I saw you so happy to night with your chosen lover, Allan Leigh, I resolved sooner to die than see you wronged.

"Agatha—sister, shield my memory. Never betray me to Philip; do not let him despise me. Never tell him the story of the flower. Perhaps, in after days he may ask you why you did not understand him; then, sister, for our father's sake, spare my memory, even as he has loved me. When to-morrow comes, and when you know what it brings, for my sake consent for once to see my betrayer. Tell him I preferred death to life, and that the only sin I cannot forgive myself is the sin of ever having loved him. Tell him his schemes, his hopes and his plans are ended—that in his hour of need no mercy will be shown to him, for he has shown none to me. Tell him he will try to forget me, but will fail, for he has haunted me to death.

"And Agatha, my darling, gentle sister, after awhile, when you have ceased to mourn for me, make Allan happy. You are good, you deserve a calm, peaceful life; I have been wicked, but all will be ended soon, and I shall be at rest. Make Allan happy—and take care of Philip.

"I leave one legacy to you—the care of my memory. Guard my secrets; when you have read this come into my room. Kiss my lips, and promise me that no one, save yourself, shall know why I have died."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Swansdown Villa.

BY C. J.

WE are not rich, but we are better off than people think us, which is my idea of comfort. We have two children and an aunt. Aunt Sarah has lived with us ever since the second year of our marriage, when she had the misfortune to lose her Fido; and being of an affectionate disposition, bound to love something, she fixed on our baby as a fit object for attachment. She has her two rooms and her own maid, and can be as independent as she pleases. Of course the fact makes no difference in our feelings towards her or in our desire for her comfort, but I may mention incidentally that her money is entirely at her own disposal, and that she has a good deal of it. She is only my aunt by marriage; but I am quite as fond of her as I could be of a blood relation.

Aunt Sarah liked our home. It was close to London; yet a park where fresh, almost country air could be breathed was within a short walk. It is true that our substitute for a river was but the Canal in Regent's Park, but still it pleased her; and probably we should never have left the suburb if we had not been pretty nearly blown out of it by a famous gunpowder explosion which created such a panic early one morning a few years ago. When the powder-barge blew up, it shattered our windows and Aunt Sarah's nerves.

When my wife had assured herself that the children were safe, she went to Aunt Sarah's room, and presently her voice rose in wild alarm: "Charles, Charles! Aunt Sarah's gone!" I was much shocked, thinking she alluded to a fatal effect. "And you must go after her directly."

This was even a harder blow, for I fancied my spouse had been frightened out of her wits. "Go after her!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; the hall-door is open; she must have run out into the road. Oh, do follow her at once!"

I obeyed without delay, though my costume was grotesque and insufficient; and taking fortunately the right turning, came presently upon the poor old lady, who was standing bewildered at a street corner, with a bed-candle in her hand. It was some minutes before I could coax her back.

The effect of this event upon Aunt Sarah's nerves was so serious that she could not bear to remain in the same neighborhood, and for her part she would stay with the Weadles at Tunbridge Wells until we could get settled in a less explosive neighborhood.

Now Mrs. Weadle was another niece, an innocent woman enough by nature, but married to a designing husband, who moulded her plastic character as he willed. They had often invited Aunt Sarah to stay with them, and it was much to be feared that they might ingratiate themselves unduly in the course of a very long visit, and their son might be foisted into that place held by our little Sarah in the will and affections of her elderly relative.

"It will not do to leave dear aunty long with the Weadles," said my wife. "If ever that they will not make her comfortable."

She would have expressed her meaning more clearly if she had left out the not, but I understood her, and acquiesced. "We will look out for a house in a neighborhood she will like, at once," I replied.

We had gone to Hastings directly after the explosion, which took place late in the autumn, and had spent the winter there. It was in March that Aunt Sarah went to stay with the Weadles, and that the above conversation was held. It is my firm opinion, derived from experiences in house hunting at that time, that if a gold medal were offered for the most ingenious perversion of facts, a house agent would win it. For three consecutive weeks my wife and I saw over twenty houses per week, so we ought to know. At last, when we were well nigh in despair, the very place we wanted turned up. We came to a high dirty white wall with a door in it, and on the door there was nailed a notice board: "To Let. Inquire within."

"Why, here is a house in Eyotham which we have not seen!" exclaimed my wife.

"It was not down in any agent's book," said I. "I wonder what it is like?"

"A jail or a convent, to judge from this side of it, which is all wall."

"Never mind; let us look at it."

So we stopped and pulled at a bell-handle at intervals, until a deaf charwoman let us in to very pleasant looking premises. All the gloom was confined to the side facing the road; once in, all was bright and cheerful enough, especially when the shutters were opened. The house was built on a pleasant slope running down to the river. The rooms were of good size and height, the kitchen dry, the roof and floors apparently sound, the cupboards deep and plentiful, the fixtures convenient indeed. The more we saw of Swansdown Villa the better we liked it. The only reason for its being empty was the exorbitant rent demanded by the proprietor; but since that would be divided between Aunt Sarah and myself, it was not so serious an obstacle in our case. As for that estimable relative, when she saw the place she was charmed; and to cut a long story short, we happily rescued her out of the designing hands of the Weadles, and established her comfortably in her new home. Not too soon; for Weadle had gained a certain ascendency over her, and a correspondence had been kept up with that branch of the family ever since.

For a time we were in constant expectation of some unthought-of defect coming to light in our new home; but weeks passed on without smells cropping up, or kitchen boilers bursting, or any other domestic calamities occurring, and we gradually grew easy.

We boated, we fished, we made pleasant acquaintances amongst our neighbors, we picnicked, we practised lawn tennis, and thoroughly enjoyed the summer, which extended itself into October.

The pleasant weather died off very suddenly at last. A fog, a frost, and three days' perpetual rain closed the season effectually. The boat was hauled up into its dry-dock; the garden games were packed away carefully; and my wife and I, who are partial to theatrical entertainments, began somewhat to regret our distance from town.

At breakfast on the 3rd of November, Aunt Sarah said:

"If you are thinking of having any fireworks on the 5th (Guy Fawkes' Day), Charles, I should like to contribute."

I left an egg, half-decapitated, like a victim in the hands of an unskilful executioner, so astounded was I. We had been devising how we should keep the flare of squibs and the banging of mazoons in the distance from the eyes and ears of our relative, and had arranged to have all the shutters in the house closed, and all the curtains drawn at a very early hour on the eventful evening, dreading lest any such sight or sound should recall the alarming episode of the year before.

"Why, you look quite scared, my dear," she added to my wife; "it does not do to give way to unreasonable nervousness. We are many miles away from that dreadful canal now."

I have often observed that invalids and nervous people defeat all calculation of their likes and dislikes in this way, and yet I was surprised.

Not wishing Aunt Sarah to see that I thought her weaker than she was however, I entered with alacrity into the scheme, went to London and purchased a neat assortment of pretty combustibles that very afternoon, and spent the fourth and the morning of the fifth in making arrangements for their effective display.

That evening I sallied out with a box of matches in my hand, and opened the entertainment by lighting the touch-paper of a neat case, which presently began to burn with intense brightness, causing the trees, the river, and all other objects to appear blue, then green, then rosy, then intensely dark; quite an allegorical representation of a human life. Next came a cluster of Roman candles, which fizzed and threw up colored balls in a satisfactory manner enough. Then we had a Jack-in-the box, which terminated in a volcanic eruption of crackers darting and banging into the air.

I was most doubtful about the success of the rockets, and it was with some doubt as to how the things would behave, that I applied a match to the touch paper of the first. I had just despatched two more skywards, when I heard a voice cry out:

"Hi! For goodness' sake, stop those fireworks! Do you want to murder the whole parish at once? Are you mad to send those things flying about next door to a powder wharf?"

"Powder-wharf!" I cried aghast.

"Ay, powder-wharf, and a barge three parts laden lying off it, which your rocket only missed by about a yard."

"I did not know it!" cried I; "is it likely I would have taken this house if I had known such a thing was in the neighborhood?"

Then I implored the man not to say anything about the rocket, and fearing lest the alarm should have made him thirsty, pressed a sovereign upon him to moisten his throat with.

He accepted it, observed that mum was the word, and retired.

Mum has been the word ever since. Yet I feel like the character in a modern novel who has committed the crime, and lives for three mortal volumes in constant dread of exposure. Suppose Aunt Sarah were to discover that the barges she admires so much on a summer's evening are akin to the one which blew her into the street (as she firmly believes was the case) on a former occasion! I have got a lease of Swansdown Villa for seven years; I have underlet the other house at a loss. The Weadles have been asked to stay with us, and cannot be put off. If they learn the character of the trade carried on next door, the game will be up, and Aunt Sarah lost to us forever!

### LOSS AND GAIN.

BY F. H. D.

Some few years since a little merry maiden
Of cherry lips and merry laughing eyes,
A child lark's voice whose carols music-laden
In thoughtless glee float upward to the skies.
When earth is made of love and joy and flowers
And no dark storms the sunshine ever cross—
Where romping feet dance fleet to passing hours—
To soon it seems a loss.

But in its stead comes sixteen's staider season,
The mouth more prim, the blue eye's coyer gaze.
A tone as sweet, tho' ruled by gentler reason,
And newer hopes and dreams deck all life's ways.
The Spring goes by, but Summer's bright days, fairer,
Give Love a nobler realm to sway and reign;
Altho' when one succeeds to win and wear her,
It seems both loss and gain.

## The Quaker Detective.

BY T. C. M.

We were five passengers in all—two ladies on the back seat, a middle-aged gentleman, a Quaker, and myself, on the front.

The middle aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative, and soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, towards whom, in his zeal to do the agreeable, he rather overdid it—bowing, smiling, and chatting in a most attentive manner. He was evidently a gay Lothario.

The Quaker wore the usual drab of his sect, and confined his speech to simple yeas and nays.

As for myself, I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker on and listener.

Towards evening I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man, without either being a poet or a lover, will sometimes fall, by the abrupt query from the talkative gentleman:

"Are you armed, sir?"

"I am not," I replied, astonished, no doubt visibly, at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he said; "for before reaching our stopping place it will be nearly midnight, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed."

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed; "only when one is responsible for the safety of ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol in one's possession would materially add to one's confidence. Your principles, my friend," he said, addressing the Quaker, "I presume, are as much opposed to carrying as to using a deadly weapon?"

"Yea," was the response.

"Have the villains you mention murdered any of their victims?" inquired the elder lady nervously.

"Or have they contented themselves with—with plundering?" added the younger, in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of attack; nothing worse than robbery can befall us."

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in his efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and succeeded so well by the time night set in that all had quite forgotten their fears, or only remembered them to laugh at them.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse. Perceiving which, he took from his pocket a package of newly invented "cough candy," and, after passing it to the ladies, he helped himself to the remainder, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of high encomiums on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on its being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, immediately the coach stopped, and two faces, hideously blackened, presented themselves, one at each window.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow the lady-like screams from the back seat; "but 'business is business,' and ours will soon be over if things go smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will spare, as far as may be consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies?" appealed the polite gentleman, in his blandest manner.

"Oh, certainly," was the reply; "they shall be first attended to, and shall not be required to leave their places or submit to a search, unless their conduct render it necessary."

"And now, ladies," continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol gleaming in the light of the coach lamp, "be so good as to pass out your purses, watches, and other such trinkets as may be accessible, with the least possible trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely, and were no further molested.

One by one the rest of us were compelled to get out, the middle aged gentleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a Chesterfield.

My own affair, like the sum I lost, was scarcely worth mentioning.

The Quaker's turn came next. He handed over his pocket-book and watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables, said "nay."

A Quaker's word is good, even among thieves, so, after a hasty "good night," the robber thrust his pistol into his pocket, and with his two companions, one of whom held the reins of the leaders, was about to take his departure.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone of command.

"Stop—what for?" returned the other, in evident surprise.

"For at least two good reasons," was the reply, emphasized with a couple of pistols cocked and presented.

"Help!" shouted the robber.

"Stop!" again exclaimed the Quaker; "and if one of thy sinful companions advances a single step to thy relief, the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out."

The robber at the opposite window, and the one at the leaders' heads thought it a good time to leave.

"Now get in, friend," said the Quaker, still covering his man, "and take the middle seat; but first deliver up thy pistol."

The other, however, hesitated.

"Thee had better not delay," said the Quaker; "I feel the spirit beginning to move my right forefinger."

The robber did as he was requested, and the Quaker then took his place by his side, giving the newcomer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was half frightened out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity, and was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess; but the Quaker, relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation soon flagged.

Time sped, and, earlier than we expected the coach stopped where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had deferred a re-distribution of our effects till we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat difficult before. It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with sudden abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm, "'business is business,' and for business there is no time like the present. Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to me, still keeping his hand, in a friendly way, on the passenger's arm.

I did so, but not one of the stolen articles could be found.

"He must have got rid of them in the coach," suggested the gay gentleman, and immediately offered to search.

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the pistols was levelled at his heart.

"Stir a hand or foot, and you are a dead man!" said the Quaker, who must have been awfully excited so to forget both the language and the principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand, with directions to fire on the first of the two men who made a suspicious movement, the Quaker went to work on the Lothario, from whose pockets, in less time than it takes to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the ladies, who had begun in no measured terms to remonstrate against the shameful treatment which the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle aged friend—who didn't look nearly so middle-aged with his wig off—was the chief.

The robbery had been adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken possession of a seat in the coach, after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the piece of paper already mentioned.

After the unexpected capture of the first robber, an attempt was made to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping place. The result was, that both, for a season, did the State some service.

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A large extra force of gendarmes is posted at Kissingen while the Prince Imperial of Germany drinks the waters there.

## The Betrothal.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

The red sun had cast its last molten shadows on the parched green sward in front of Fernhill, and a cruel looking sky reached in one speckless stretch as far as Justine could see.

She had been sitting for an hour or more, all alone, ever since the supper hour, that at Fernhill was always at seven, because Miss Fantasia was as methodical as a piece of machinery in her comings and goings, and would be while she reigned supreme in her brother's house.

Justine sat thinking over all that had come and gone since the day, six weeks back, when Darrell Grace had bowed over her hand, and she had thought what a good thing in a man was such a strong, sweet, bold voice as his.

From that sort of a beginning only one possible result would come, at least for Justine, and she sat there conscious that when Darrell Grace came, an hour or so later, he would bring with him the power to make or mar all her future life.

Before Justine herself fully understood what her own feelings meant, he knew his influence over her, and with his accustomed skill, his selfishness that was such an essential part of his nature, he settled down to the delightful task of teaching this girl the strength of her own capabilities.

He succeeded well.

He had enjoyed the deliberate task so much that, for the first time in a long, long while he was interested and entertained; while Justine had come to know that when this last night of his stay came, and he should say farewell, the beginning or the end of all things for her would come.

When the soft dusk was over everything, Justine heard Darrell Grace's step on the gravel walk, then on to the secluded side porch where she awaited him.

"You thought I'd be certain to come, Justine? I was not sure but that this terrible heat had annihilated you, yet you look—just as I would have you look on my last night."

She smiled at his remark.

"Your last night, really, Darrell? How I shall miss you. Oh, how shall I get along without you?"

"Will you miss me, Justine?—really wish for me when this hour comes, this hour we have never yet failed to spend together since we knew each other? What dear times they have been little girl, haven't they?"

Justine's hand slid quietly from under his cool, strong fingers.

"But all such pleasant times must end, you want to say, Mr. Grace. Say it, do, in the way summer friends have of saying it. And what do you think I shall do when—when—I don't see you—any more?"

Her voice was lost in low, sobbing gasps, and Darrell Grace's blue eyes shadowed over with a very pained look he could call at will.

"My poor little girl! You make me wish I never had tasted the happiness of this summer time, and you make me wish that I had never asked Rosine Day to be my wife."

Ah! that was the sword that had been suspended by the hair of her suspicious fear.

She gave a low cry, and her hand went fluttering over her dress in an uncertain, pitiful way.

Then Mr. Grace called through the shuttered window:

"You had better come out, Miss Fantasia. The heat has overpowered Justine, I am afraid."

And Miss Fantasia said yes—that it was very oppressive, and that Justine had suffered from it all day.

And then, when he had been assured there was nothing to fear from the fainting spell, Mr. Darrell Grace took himself away from Fernhill.

"That was the most idiotic mistake I ever made in my life—and brutal, too, mentioning Rosine's name as I did. Poor little Justine! God knows I meant no harm to her happiness."

So he went away, with perhaps a few twinges of conscience occasionally. While Justine—well, women always have the worst of it, and the fonder, the truer, the more faithful the heart, the more keen its sufferings.

* * * * *

Mrs. Morent's face was wearing an expression of the most unalloyed horror and anxiety.

"What in the world shall we do about it? Was ever anything so unfortunate?—and Rosine so exceedingly nervous and superstitious! Aunt Fanny, what shall we do? Here have come two notes from two of our guests for the dinner-party to-night, making their excuses—and it leaves just thirteen for the table. Who in the world can I ask to take a chair at such a late hour? Oh, dear, dear, I almost wish I had never undertaken to get Rosine settled, for all everybody thinks she and Mr. Darrell are such a splendid couple."

"If it was anybody else but Darrell Grace I am sure Justine would not object to accommodate you, my dear," said Fantasia; "but you know she goes out so very little, and Mr. Grace and she have never met since that unfortunate time, two summers ago, when, say what any one chooses, he certainly behaved very badly. However, I'll tell her; I can ask her, and there'll surely be no harm in that much. All I know is, that since we've been in town she has not gone out much, and as we go home soon I don't know that she'll care to go to any trouble to make herself ready. But I'll ask her. I'll come at any rate."

And so it happened that Justine was invited to attend a grand dinner party given by Mrs. Morent in honor of the betrothal of her pretty young *protegee* to the man Justine loved, and who had trifled so heartlessly with her.

"Yes, auntie, I'll go," Justine said; her eyes gleamed feverishly, and her cheeks flushed warmly. "It would be terrible to have thirteen at a table—particularly so if Miss Day is superstitious. What ought I wear? Not white, of course. The bride-elect will wear white. Oh, yes! my black tissue."

And Miss Fantasia wondered what strange freak could possess the girl, so excited she was.

For the first time since his words had stricken her to the ground, Justine saw Darrell Grace that night, when, all unexpectedly to him Mrs. Morent took him up to Justine with some little word, and then left them together.

And Darrell Grace looked at her now and remembered all that summer's idyl, and then noted her sweet, fair graciousness that never was so prominently plain as now in contrast to Rosine Day's elaborate elegance, and a great pang went through his heart. To think he had refused such a pearl for the flashing paste that was already palling on his taste.

He had made no special sign, nor had she, when they met, but only a little later it was that he requested her to let him show her the plants in the conservatory, and then, all of a sudden, he had turned towards her.

"Justine, what made you come here—here of all places on God's earth? Don't you know how I have been trying all these long months to forget your sweet and winning face?"

She loved him; was it any wonder her eyes darkened with piteous love for him? He had humiliated her; was it any wonder that a little pallor of pain whitened her cheeks?

"I see no reason why I should have remained away because you are here," she replied.

Her soul was in a tumult because she was in his presence again.

Inside fountains tinkled, and leaves swayed. Outside low, ominous thunder rolled grumblingly through the starless summer night, and it reminded them both of another summer night.

"But I cannot forget you—now, less than ever. You madden me—"

She turned towards him with a look of reproof.

"Sir, such words are an insult. Please take me in; that lightning is terrible. Oh, listen!"

A reverberating peal of thunder boomed overhead.

Grace smiled bitterly.

"The severity of the shower is a good excuse for you to rid yourself of me, but you shall hear me tell you the terrible mistake I have made—you shall know I will be the husband of one woman, and the lover of another, of you—of you—Justine, my darling!"

She gave a little cry of fear at his impetuous words.

"Mr. Grace, you—"

"No, Justine, you shall not reproach me for my heartless cruelty to you. God only knows how sorely I am tempted to tell that woman I do not want her; that I want you—Justine, I must have you! Kiss me, my love!"

His arms went out towards her—the girl he could not forget—the girl who worshipped him!

His arms reached out to her, and then—there was one terrific blinding flash of yellow light, one instant of awful deafening thunder, that seemed to Justine must be the pillars of the world crushing about their heads, and beyond that—

She nor Darrell never could have known, for when they found them, a few minutes later, the mark of the storm fiend was on them both—the little blue black sign that told where the lightning had stricken them out of possibility of love, suffering, pride, or woe any more.

So that once again the fated betrothal feast was limited to the dreadful number; only that there was no feast, only Rosine Day, terrified and heart-broken at the awfully sudden death of her lover, could not understand how far better a fate was hers than if Darrell Grace had lived—"the husband of one woman, the lover of another."

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Miss C. L. Wolfe, of New York, 35 years old, the richest single woman in the United States, has arrived at Newport, L. I. She is worth over $10,000,000, and has just returned from a two years' visit to Europe.

### BOYHOOD.

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all day:—
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be."

### MANHOOD.

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world had been,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:—
"Oh, if I could only trace once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be."

## Habits of Spiders.

SPIDERS are usually spoken of with aversion. They are ruthlessly trodden upon whenever they are so unfortunate as to come within reach of a human foot. But spiders do not deserve to have every man's hand and foot against them. They are not only exceedingly useful, but very interesting little creatures. It is not so generally known that spiders have an ear for music. There are very few living creatures which are not capable of being influenced more or less by harmony; so it is not very surprising to find that spiders sometimes yield to the spell. How the subtle influence acts upon the delicate organs of the spider, it is impossible to say. The sensations produced may be those of pleasure, or they may be analogous to those which are produced by the influence of mesmerism. Musical sounds, as we know, do not always give pleasure to the ears of the animal creation; so that we may be giving spiders the credit of listening to music from a pure love of harmony, when in reality they are held in a kind of trance, which lasts as long as the music continues.

There is a story told of a captain of the regiment of Navarre in connection with this subject. He had spoken too freely of the French minister, and so was sent to prison. To relieve the tedium of his confinement he requested permission to have his lute. The instrument was given to him; and after four days' playing, not only did some mice come out of their holes, but the spiders descended from their webs to form as strange an audience as ever a musician found before him. When the music ceased, mice and spiders retired; but each day they returned in increasing numbers as soon as the tones of the lute were heard.

The best way to observe the habits of spiders is to have as large a colony of them as possible on a window where they can be allowed to remain in full possession, undisturbed; but any one attempting to keep such a colony must expect to find constant internal disturbances. Unfortunately for the naturalist, spiders cannot live together in harmony. Spiders are cannibals; but it is not for the satisfaction of eating one another that they fight. They are naturally pugnacious, but when two spiders fight there is generally a very good reason for the attack, and the vigorous defence that follows. It is not generally known that after a certain time spiders become incapable of spinning a web, from lack of material. The glutinous excretion from which the slender threads are spun is not inexhaustible, therefore spiders cannot keep on constructing new snares when the old ones are destroyed. But they can avail themselves of the web producing powers of their younger neighbors, and this they do without scruple. As soon as a spider's web constructing material has become exhausted and its last web has been destroyed, it sets out in search of another home. Happily, it may chance on one which is tenantless; if so, it takes possession. On the other hand, it may be obliged to eject the lawful owner; in which case a battle ensues if the combatants are fairly matched. Sometimes a small spider will retreat before a more powerful invader, and give up its laboriously constructed web without an effort. Or sometimes the spider in search of a home may be killed in attempting to take forcible possession of another spider's domain. Thus the difficulty of making a lengthy course of observation on particular spiders is very great. Any morning the observer may find that his colony has been invaded, and that some of his pets have either been destroyed, or forced to go and seek other quarters.

At the same time a window well covered with cobwebs, in which the occupiers are allowed to remain undisturbed by brush or duster, will afford a patient observer a very good field for studying the habits of some of the spiders. As a rule, the presence of a fly struggling in the web is the signal for the owner to emerge from its cover and rush to the attack; but it will be found that flies may struggle in the webs of some spiders without any notice being taken of them while it is light.

The writer on one occasion placed a fly in the web of a spider by gaslight, and although the entangled insect struggled vigorously to escape, thus shaking the webs in every direction, the spider in possession took no notice whatever of its presence. But as soon as the gas was turned out was heard the buzz which a fly always makes as soon as it is seized in the web. The spider had gone down to secure its victim. However, as soon as the light was raised, it immediately left the fly barely secured, and returned once more to its hole. The light was again lowered and raised with the same result. Now this seems to prove very clearly that spiders can see. It has been asserted nevertheless by some that spiders are blind.

This is a strange conclusion to have arrived at, and all the more so as it is well known to naturalists that some spiders catch their prey without the aid of webs, trusting solely to their agility in springing out cat-like on some unsuspecting fly. But the fact that spiders can see, and see objects at some distance from them, is proved by the following incident. An ordinary house fly was placed in the web of a very small straw-colored spider, which immediately ran down from its hiding-place and seized the fly by one of its legs. Its intention evidently was to hold on until the fly was exhausted by its struggles. But the struggles were put an end to in an unexpected manner. In the corner of the window, two panes away from the small spider's web, dwelt a much larger spider. It saw the struggle going on, and then suddenly left its hole, ran across the intervening window panes, and seizing the fly killed it at once. The fly ceased struggling; and then began an amusing contest for its possession. The little spider had never relaxed its tenacious grip for a moment, and seemed determined to prevent its more powerful neighbor carrying off the fly. This the larger spider tried to do by means of a thread attached to the dead fly. But strangely enough, its efforts were unavailing; and at length it abandoned the attempt, retreating to its own domain, and leaving the little spider in undisturbed possession. And yet the large spider was certainly in want of a meal, for it did not hesitate to seize a fly from the hand as soon as it was placed in the web. This is a somewhat unusual thing for any spider to do, since they are, as a rule, very shy of approaching a fly when it is held in their webs by the hand.

Another experiment showed the power of spiders to use their eyes. A ladybird was placed in the web of a large spider. The result was curious. Instead of at once attacking, the spider approached the little red insect very cautiously; when it was quite close it paused and then made a sort of peck at the ladybird. After repeating this two or three times, the spider slowly put out one of its legs and touched the ladybird on the back. This investigation evidently satisfied it that there was nothing worth having; for the spider left the little red beetle and retreated to its hole under the gas pipe.

In addition to many other interesting traits in the natural history of spiders, there is no doubt they are very persevering little creatures. A very small spider of a dirty brown color had a web in the lower corner of a pane in the middle of the window. Into this web a fly was placed alive; but owing to its weight and its struggles to escape, it fell over the ledge formed by the woodwork. However, a few threads stuck to its fore legs, and so it hung suspended by them a little below the web. The spider was evidently determined not to lose the fly, for it immediately ran down the threads attached to it and proceeded to strengthen them by others which were fastened high up in the web. Then the persevering little spider again went down and fastened threads to the extremities of the fly's wings, taking them up as before. These preparations being completed, it only remained to haul the fly up. The feat was slowly but surely accomplished. Each thread attached to the suspended fly was drawn in, until at last the spider was rewarded for its trouble and patience by having its prey hauled into the web and fastened.

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A queer fellow, generally known as Stub Ago, died in Nashua, N. H., the other day, whose greatest weakness was a love of strong drink, and whose peculiarity was to go to the police station and ask to be locked up whenever he had drank too much. On one occasion his request was not attended to as promptly as he desired, and he said, "I'm not drunk enough to go down, that's what's the matter," and he went and proceeded to get into the proper condition. When the officer found him he had changed his mind, and wouldn't go until the policeman consented to "knock him down and have a racket, just to show people that he was a hard boy to take."

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The Corning *Courant* says: "A worthy young gentleman, the son of a well-to do merchant of Corning, who has a fine residence just beyond the limits of our town, was joined in wedlock to the lady of his choice a few days ago. Next day an inquisitive friend met the father on the street, and inquired, "Is your son and his bride going to take a bridal tour?" "Well, I guess not; J— was in the barn this morning about six o'clock, with his overalls on, and she was in the kitchen with her sleeves rolled up. Ain't heard 'em say anything about a bridal tour."

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Colonel King, a Texas cattle-raiser, has a fence 70 miles long, enclosing 337 square miles, on which graze 100,000 head of cattle.

### A MOTHER'S VOICE.

SINCE the prevailing Indian troubles commenced an Indian camp was captured, together with a number of prisoners, including squaws, and some half dozen white captives, boys and girls, from five to twelve years of age. Word was sent throughout the country, inviting those who had lost children to come to the camp and identify, if possible, their children, as none of them could give any account of who their parents were, or where they were taken from, so young were they when they were taken into captivity by the Indians. Numbers went to the camp—many more than there were children—and, of course, many of them returned with heavy hearts at being unable to find their lost ones. Among the number who went hundreds of miles to the camp was a mother who had lost two children—a boy and a girl, one three and the other five years old—years ago. Efforts were made to persuade her not to go, as so long a time had elapsed it was certain she could not identify her children even if they stood before her. But she could not rest; she must go, and go she did. On arriving at the encampment she found the captives ranged in line for inspection. She looked at them first from a distance, her anxious heart bounding in her bosom. But she did not see her children—at least she saw nothing in the group that bore the slightest resemblance to her baby boy and girl as they looked when playing about her doorstep. She drew nearer and peered deep into the eyes of each, who only returned her look with a stony gaze, yet an anxious one—they, too, hoping to see something in her that would tell them she was their mother. She looked long and steadily at them, as her heart began to sink and grow heavy in her bosom. At last with tears and sobs, she withdrew, and when some paces off she stopped and turned about quickly, as apparently a thought had occurred to her. Drying her eyes she broke forth in a sweet hymn she had been wont to sing to her children as a lullaby. Scarce a word had been uttered, when two of the captives, a boy and a girl, rushed from the line exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" The mother went home perfectly satisfied she had found her long lost children.

### LOUD DINNER PARTIES.

AT one of the grand dinners given by the Czar, Peter the Great, a huge pie was placed in the centre of the gentleman's table, out of which, when the startled carver broke the crust, a beautiful dwarf lady stepped, proposed in a set speech and drank in a glass of wine the health of the company, and then retired into her snug retreat and was carried from the table. A man dwarf was substituted at the ladies' table. There was accommodations at the Czar's table for about a hundred, but the grim humorist always issued invitations to twice or thrice that number, and left his guests to elbow, jostle, and fight for chairs and places, and retain them against all comers and claimants if they could. Not unfrequently a free fight was extemporized, and noses tapped, and even the sacred persons of ambassadors have been profanely touched and trifled with. The Czar sat at the head of the table, a broad grin on his face, rolling the spectacle like a sweet morsel under his tongue. The guests are so closely packed that feeding room is not to be thought of, and ribs are often blackened and almost driven in by active and vigorous elbows, provoking fierce recriminations and quarrels. The kitchen is so near to the dining hall that there floats through the latter a fragrance of onions, garlic and train oil, mellowed and tempered by the more delicious aroma of the roast. The more knowing and initiated guests wave away soups and such like edibles, and manifest a special appetite for tongue, hams, and viands that cannot be tampered with, or made the vehicle of practical joking, for as often as not it happens that a bunch of dead mice will be drained out of the soup or discovered snugly imbedded in a dish of green peas; and, sometimes, when his guests have well partaken of certain pastries, the Czar will courteously inquire if the cat, wolf, raven, or other unclean animal proved a savory or delicious morsel, with what result let the imagination guess. The approach to a regular Donnybrook was hastened on by liberal supplies of brandies, strong ales, and wines so adroitly served out as to expedite the grand climacteric of drunkenness.

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Concerning Thomas Carlyle, Mrs. Hooper tells this story: "An American gentleman once called to see him, and was greeted in the following manner: 'Weel, sir, and so ye come frae that big country where the vote of the grandest scoundrel on airth is equal to that of Jesus Christ. And ye think much of Jarge Washington, but he was no great mon—he was a good surveyor, maybe, but he was no great mon."

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The flowers used for decorating Queen Victoria's apartments at the British Embassy at Paris on the occasion of her two recent visits there cost $3,000.

## Scientific and Useful.

THE FREEZING OF ICE.—The notion that ice purifies itself by the process of freezing is not based upon trustworthy observation. On the contrary, it is utterly wrong in principle to take ice for consumption from any pond the water of which is so foul as to be unfit for drinking purposes.

RAT EXTERMINATOR.—The following is said to be a cheap and simple remedy for exterminating rats. Take a mixture for two parts of well-bruised common squills and three parts of finely chopped bacon made into a stiff mass with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes; put down for the rats to eat.

HOW OLD IS THE WORLD?—Geologists, astronomers, and physicists alike have hitherto been baffled in their attempts to set up any kind of satisfactory chronometer which will approximately measure geological time. A member of the Royal Society, taking the limestone rocks of the earth's crust as an index, computes its age to be 600 000 000 years.

SUBMARINE LIGHTING.—For the purposes of submarine lighting they now compress pure oxygen into a cylindrical reservoir of plate iron, under a pressure of thirty atmospheres. This oxygen is supplied by a flexible tube to an alcohol lamp provided with means for the escape of the gaseous products of combustion. This furnishes a brilliant light for a period of four hours.

WOOD PAPER.—The employment of wood in the manufacture of paper is not conducive to the longevity of that substance. A German scientist has called attention to the subject, pointing out that the paper used in their public offices is mainly composed of wood, and that the destruction, from natural causes, of many important official records may be expected. He limits their duration to about fifteen years.

FACTS.—A fine golden gloss may be imparted to leather by brushing it over with a broad soft brush dipped in a concentrated solution of rosaine in an alcoholic solution of shellac. The fine Japanese cement is made by mixing rice flour with a sufficient quantity of cold water, and then boiling gently, with constant stirring. Many of the so called "camel's-hair brushes" are made from the hair of the tails of squirrels. Ink stains in cotton or linen can often be removed by washing in salt and water. This should be done before the fabric is washed with soap.

THE TREATMENT OF BUNIONS.—The treatment consists in removing all pressure from the part. The formation of a bunion may in the beginning be prevented; but, when actually formed, it is scarcely possible ever to get rid of it, and it remains an everlasting plague. To prevent the formation of a bunion it is necessary, whenever and wherever a shoe or boot pinches, to have it eased at once, and so long as that part of the foot pinched remains tender, not to put on the offending shoe again. When a bunion has once completely formed, if the person wish to have any peace and not have it increase, he must have a last made to fit his foot, and have his shoe made upon it. And whenever the bunion becomes inflamed, and is painful, it must be bathed with warm water and poulticed at night.

## Farm and Garden.

TO CURE SCABS AND MANGE.—To cure scab in sheep rub it with plain petroleum with a sponge three times a week. Dogs can be cured of mange in the same way.

KEEPING BUTTER FRESH.—The best way to keep butter is to exclude the air from it and keep it in a cool sweet place; but the first is the most important. If the butter is in a pail, tub, or jar, cover it one or two inches with the strongest brine, made from the best salt. Remember, it will not do to simply cover it with salt; the air will pass through the brine. If the package has a tight fitting cover, so much the better. The best butter exposed to the air will not keep perfect twenty four hours. Butter for the family should be kept constantly under the brine.

COLOR IN PLANTING.—As a rule, never plant a large, dark evergreen in front of, and very near, a brilliant, light colored deciduous plant, for thus planted it will draw and weaken the effect of the latter. It is better to introduce gay, bright colors in well judged proportions. A few bright flowers of deep red, blue or yellow, will have a pretty effect dispersed here and there about the lawns, than in one great mass. Introduce them, so that by means of their different natures there will be always during the season a few gay points in the picture.

STRAW FOR FOOD.—A small quantity of straw might be fed to working horses without injury. Straw fed only once a day to a working horse is an entirely different thing from straw morning, noon and night. And it is the same with fattening animals. With milch cows it is different, and they may be fed a considerable quantity of straw and not affect the flow of milk. The most important thing, and something that is usually neglected, is to keep the appetite of the stock always good. This is easily accomplished by judiciously feeding straw and hay together.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—Eggs for hatching should be chosen of the fair average size, usually laid by the hen they are from, any unusually large or small being rejected. Some hens lay extremely large eggs and other small ones. A fat hen will always lay small eggs, which can only produce small and weakly chickens. Absolute size in eggs is, therefore, of but little importance. Round, short eggs are usually the best to select; very long eggs, especially if much pointed at the small end, almost always breed birds with some awkwardness in style or carriage. Neither should rough shelled eggs be chosen; they usually show some derangement of the organs and are often sterile.

HOW FARMERS LOSE MONEY.—Keeping no account of farm operations, paying no attention to the maxim that a "stitch in time saves nine" in regard to sowing grain or planting seed at the proper time. Leaving reapers, cultivators, plows, etc., unsheltered from the rain and the heat of the sun. Permitting broken implements to be scattered over the farm until they are irreparable. By repairing broken implements at the proper time many dollars may be saved—a proof of the assertion that time is money. Buying at auction sales all kinds of trumpery, because in the words of the vendor, the articles are very cheap. Allow fences to remain unrepaired until strange cattle are found grazing in the meadows, garden or grain, or browsing on the fruit trees in the orchard.

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## ACCURACY.

THE habit of accuracy or inaccuracy is one which runs through everything that a man says or does. To be constantly accurate is not a matter which, as some people think, requires a constant and painful effort; it is essentially a habit. An accurate man is accurate without any trouble on his part. Accuracy of expression follows naturally upon habitual clearness of thought. A man who has got his mind in proper order, who knows what he does, and what he does not know, will habitually express himself correctly. If minute knowledge be necessary, and he possess it, his expressions will be accurate in every minute detail; but if his knowledge be quite general, his expressions will still be accurate, as far as they go. He will clearly express what he has got clearly in his mind, and what he does not know he will not talk about at all. And he will do all this quite naturally, and without any effort, merly as a habit. And the habit will show itself in all kinds of forms. The man who is scrupulously accurate in the grammatical turn of his sentences, who is always correct as to names, places, and dates, will be equally accurate in keeping an appointment at the exact hour which is agreed upon; he will be particular in paying his own debts to the uttermost farthing, and he will be better pleased in his own mind if what is due to him be paid with the like scrupulousness.

THE self denial which abstains from consuming everything as rapidly as it has the means, is first a necessity, and then an ennobling virtue. If all the harvest were instantly used up—if nothing were saved for making clothes, supplying food, providing instruments of tillage and manufacture—how could civilized life be maintained for a single year? And, then, is not saving the only servant of material progress—the source to which man owes every form of the wealth of cultivated life—the instrument by which people advance in comfort, enjoyment, and well-being? And what does saving lay up but capital? The law which inseparately associates moral with physical good is pre-eminent in its action on saving. Nothing so thoroughly elevates the moral condition of a whole people as saving. It not only is the fruit and pledge of industry, but it exalts a man's self-respect—it implies that he feels life is worth living, and still more worth the improving. The increase of the material welfare and civilization of a whole people is only the result of the aggregate self-denial of each individual man.

ONE of the most important duties of the matron, or mother of a family, and for which she should always arrange to have time, is the home education of children. By this we do not mean a routine of lessons from books, but that beneficial oral instruction, those practical lessons on the duties of life, which should pervade entirely her intercourse with children. It is thus that lessons of love, forbearance, truth, kindliness, self-denial and generosity may be deeply impressed on the ductile mind, and the seeds of true piety and upright behavior scattered carefully over the prepared soil.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

"NEVER wish to appear greater than you are," writes Couture, in almost the first page of his book. "Above all things beware of expressing other people's opinions as if they were your own; that brings ruin, it leads to darkness; dare to be yourself; that will bring you light."

A NEW way to collect old pew rents has been devised in Baltimore. Several members of the congregation being remiss in their settlements, the pastor ordered their pews to be boarded up. A a number of pews were thus secured, and the pastor announced that he had adopted this means to secure the prompt payment of the money due him.

OWING to the recent wedding in the English royal family, flowers emblematic of the several countries interested in the union are fashionable. This will account for the present use of the English wild rose, the Prussian corn flower, the Scotch white heather, stag moss, and the Irish shamrock. These flowers were embroidered on the dresses worn by the bridesmaids, and formed the wreaths and bouquets.

THE experiments with the Jablochkoff candle at Billingsgate, the celebrated fish market of London, were a complete failure. The light was literally too good. Business at Billingsgate begins between three and four o'clock in the morning, most of the bargains between salesmen and customers being made by gaslight. In the vivid rays of the electric light, soles that would have fetched a shilling a pound by gaslight looked poor at sixpence, while turbot fresh from the sea looked a week old. So there was a general outcry.

THE grave has no terrors for an eccentric person who lives in a town in Illinois. He scoffs at spring mattresses and their accompaniments of sheets and pillows, but lays himself down in a shallow trench in his back yard every night, and a faithful man servant shovels dirt over him until his head alone is left uncovered. He has no fear of fire or burglars, and if at any time he should die during the night all that would be necessary to be done would be to cover his head also with earth and let him sleep till the resurrection. It is hardly necessary to say that this individual is unmarried.

SOME two or three years ago, says Mr. Yates, I was the first to announce the fact that the Princess Frederika of Hanover had under consideration an offer of marriage from the Duke of Connaught. That on her refusal, after a year's deliberation, His Royal Highness proposed, with no happier result, to her sister, the Princess Marie, is now a matter of history. It will interest the public to know that the youngest son of the Queen, Prince Leopold, has just sent an offer of marriage to the second of these ladies, the Princess Marie of Hanover, for whom his brother was an unsuccessful suitor.

NEWS has arrived from Zanzibar that Mr. H. M. Stanley is busily occupied in engaging porters for a journey into the interior of Africa, but that he preserves the utmost secrecy as to his intended movements. A rumor is current among the porters that their journey is to commence from the west coast. If this be the case, Mr. Stanley must have introduced a radical change into the original plans of the Belgian section of the International African Association, for whom he is believed to be acting. That, accidents apart, he will be more successful than the unfortunate leaders of the first Belgian expedition, few will be so rash as to doubt, and he is sure to have good and sufficient reasons for the course he is adopting.

A SINGULAR instance of the turn of the wheel of fortune is told in a letter to a contemporary from the Vicar of Leeds. Dr. Gott states that in the workhouse of that town are an aged couple, the husband being over eighty-six years of age. The documents of which they are in possession clearly show that these aged paupers are the Duc de Columbier and his wife. The family emigrated to England somewhere about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the father of the present duke received a pension from Prussia, the title being taken from a place in Neufchatel, now ceded to that Kingdom. The Vicar of Leeds pleads for a little help to enable this aged couple to end their days together in a little cottage, instead of being separated by the length of the workhouse.

THE General Omnibus Company of Paris has for some time past made use of electricity in subduing vicious horses. By the process adopted, intractable animals given to biting, rearing and kicking, are rendered inoffensive, and submit peaceably to be groomed and harnessed. To obtain this result a weak current of electricity is passed into the mouth of the horse each time it becomes restive. The will of the animal seems almost annihilated. The current is produced by a small induction machine of the Clark system, the wires of which communicate with the bit of the bridle. The employment of electricity is said to produce a sort of uneasiness or torpor rather than pain, and is much less barbarous than many taming methods hitherto adopted.

YOUNG men who desire to become students in the College of the City of New York, will be glad to learn that an inability to read will no longer bar their entrance into that institution. Section 23 of the by-laws reads: "No student shall be admitted to the introductory class of the college unless he be fourteen years of age, and unless he shall have attended the common schools for twelve months, and shall have passed a good examination in reading, spelling, writing, English grammar, geography, arithmetic, the history of the United States, and algebra to quadratic equations." Recently, at a meeting of the trustees of the college, the Executive Committee offered a resolution that the examination in reading be dispensed with, as, when many applicants are examined, the test is exceedingly irksome both to the applicant and to the examiner. The resolution was passed unanimously.

FIFTY years ago the tomato was scarcely known in North America or Europe; now it is a great article of commerce in both hemispheres. Then it was called a "love apple;" why, we do not know. It was small and bitter, with large seeds, and only half filled with a watery pulp. To relish them, even when half disguised by the culinary art, was said to be an "acquired taste." No one, at first, ate them raw. Now they are large and compact, the seeds have diminished in size and quantity, while in color and substance they are like red roses consolidated, and no longer require cooking to be made palatable. In fact, cooking spoils them, as it spoils a peach, a cucumber, or an orange; and it is even a profanity to "dress" them as a salad. To add any sort of garniture or condiment to a perfectly ripe tomato is like "adding perfume to the violet."

THE late brilliant scholar, Professor Clifford, was a man to whom the skill to lecture was given by nature. Much of his best work was actually spoken before it was written—a thing considered much more wonderful in England than in America. He gave most of his public lectures with no visible preparation beyond very short notes, and the outline seemed to be filled in without hesitation or effort. Afterward he would write down from memory what he had said, or revise the text from a short-hand writer's report. He was much interested in the various modes of conveying and expressing language invented for special purposes, such as the Morse alphabet and short-hand, and one of his ideas about education was that children might learn these things at an early age, perhaps in play, so as to grow up no less familiar with them than with common printing and writing.

THE Duke of Medina-Coeli, who was killed a few days ago by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting with his wife on his estate, was in one respect the most remarkable man in the world. He was a prodigy of nobility, possessing four different ducal titles, eight different titles as marquis, six different titles as count, and sundry minor honors too numerous to mention, much less to set forth in detail. It is related of one of his ancestors that he boasted of being lineally descended from the family of the Virgin Mary; and that, in consequence of this assumption, he preserved in the most conspicuous place of his principal drawing-room a picture representing a Medina Coeli of the Herodian period in the act of saluting, hat in hand, the Holy Virgin. The latter is depicted, according to the style of the period, with a ribbon issuing from her mouth, inscribed with the courteous injunction: "Put on your hat, my cousin."

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Builder*, while acknowledging the services of that journal in the cause of sanitary reform, contends that "the health of stable keepers, of sewer explorers, the exemption of the inhabitants of the Ghetto during the cholera in Rome," proves, in his opinion, that the cause of epidemics lies more in the mistreatment of human life than in all external mischief put together, and attributes a great deal of the illness among the wealthier classes to their overeating and drinking, just as, on the other hand, much of that among the poorest is the fruit of privation. "People of means 'live to the top' every way; consequently there is no reserve force, for this has been all consumed in endeavoring to surmount the weight of difficulties daily presented." London men servants have four, and sometimes five meals—three of meat—daily, and the hospital doctors say that their blood is so heated by high living that they are very difficult patients to deal with.

THE cheapest plan of creating a greenhouse that we have any knowledge of—and we used one successfully for many years—is to dig out a pit in a side hill, where the upper end will be just above ground, and the lower end will be two or three feet above ground, where the door must be, with two or three steps down for an entrance. Wall up, roof the wall, and cover the whole with sash, as in hotbeds, the sash having more fall—say three feet in a width of two, the house being fifteen by ten. Erect in this the stand of shelves, and when it is time to take up the summer flowers, bulbs, etc., store them here. The glass should be covered with thick straw mats, which can be removed even when the weather is coldest, in clear weather, for an hour or two at midday, to get the warmth and influence of the sun. At such times ventilation also should be attended to, by slightly opening a sash or two. No fire is needed. Nearly all readily-flowering plants will bloom, and there will scarcely be a week during the winter that a bouquet may not be gathered, if the house is properly managed.

ACCORDING to the *Journal de Bruxelles*, a rather curious mistake has been made by a Dutch professor of languages, which has entailed upon the new Queen of Holland much unnecessary trouble. It seems that as soon as the royal marriage was arranged it became necessary to find means to instruct her future Majesty in the language of her future subjects, and, as usual in similar cases, a learned gentleman was procured from one of the universities to give the necessary instruction. As the professor was not very conversant with the manners and customs of the Court, he ended by making up his mind that a royal personage ought certainly to speak the classical language of the country, and he set to work as soon as he arrived at Arolsen, where the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont resides, to teach his royal pupil the more orthodox, but practically obsolete Dutch. Before the day of the wedding the bride was quite efficient in what she supposed to be the language of her new subjects. What must have been her surprise to find that all her best efforts to converse with burgomasters and humbler folk, who came out to do her honor, were as complete failures as if they had been addressed to the hearers in high German? The unfortunate lady has had to devote her honeymoon to acquiring a second Dutch language, of which she never suspected the existence.

### KISS AND WED.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

O, "Kiss and wed" is often said,
Not often wed and kiss—
It should not try the dullest head
To find what's here amiss!

If kiss and wed is all that's said,
If love no further goes!
If when its happy summer's fled
The bloom is off its rose—

It seems to me 'twould better be
To choose a thriftier flower—
And there's the steadfast apple tree
In Spring a rosy bower!

Yet, O, its hours of lovely flowers
Are but the prelude sweet;
Its summer's but the trysting-time
When love and beauty meet.

And what more worthy close could be
To its consistent rhyme,
Than when the fruit hangs ripening
In golden autumn time?

Then let love be like this good tree:
The best keep for the last;
Say "Wed and kiss," and you'll not miss
The key that holds him fast.

## "Money's Good."

BY RITA.

### CHAPTER I.

TWILIGHT—the soft gray twilight of a mild November day.

A girl is watching it with tired sad eyes—eyes that had seen much sorrow and hold the shadow of present suffering and past regret in their soft depths. She looks away from the distant cloud line at last, and along the path by which she has come to the old wooden gate where she stands now.

"He is late," she says, with a shiver,—"late—and to night of all nights, when he knows it is to be 'Good bye.'"

Before the sentence is finished, a figure comes into sight, a firm quick step is heard on the leaf covered path.

"Have I kept you waiting? I am so sorry," the new comer says breathlessly, as he reaches her side and takes two little cold hands into his own.

"Yes, as usual," she answers, speaking lightly, though with a certain perceptible nervousness in her tone.

"You might have left those two last words unsaid. I am punished enough by seeing you standing here alone—especially when I know that this is our last opportunity of meeting for——"

"Oh, don't!" she says hurriedly. "It is bad enough to know it—it is a thousand times worse to hear it said by you."

"My darling," he returns fondly, "do you think that I do not know it—feel it—every hour, every moment here? But you are shivering. Come—let us walk on. I don't want to be responsible for your catching cold and getting ill."

"Cold!"—and she laughs bitterly as she takes the proffered arm. "As if any external cold could harm me when my heart is chill as death! No, Geoffrey, I think I am beyond physical suffering now."

"Don't talk so despairingly," he says soothingly. "After all, time passes, and, though it may be years before we meet again, you know that I shall never forget you—never cease to love you. You believe that—don't you, Maude?"

"Believe it?" she cries passionately. "I should die if I did not."

In the gathering dusk they pause, and she clasps both her hands round the strong young arm she holds, and looks up with tender glowing eyes at the handsome face before her. Standing thus, with the clear-cut profile upturned, and all the soft passionate devotion of her heart speaking well—only too well—in her eyes, she looks so like the picture of "The Huguenot" that her lover cannot help telling her of the resemblance.

"Like that girl?" she says, with a smile so sad that it touches him almost to tears. "Oh, Geoffrey, it is because, like her, I feel as if this parting were death!"

"Oh, hush!" he returns chidingly. "You should not let such thoughts creep into your head. Why, Maude, I thought you were so brave and strong! What has come over you?"

"I don't know," the girl answers wearily, as she unclasps her hands, and moves on once more. "Can one be responsible for feelings and presentiments in such an hour as this?"

"That is old woman's talk," he says impatiently. "How many people part for years and meet again! Why shouldn't we do the same?"

"We may meet again," Maude replies quietly; "but something tells me that it will never be the same with us as it is now," she said.

"Oh, nonsense!" is the impatient rejoinder. "Of course not quite the same. We are only boy and girl now; in three years we will be man and woman. Now we haven't a sixpence to bless ourselves with; then I hope I shall have a fortune, or at least a competency—enough, at all events, to be able to claim you for my wife, and take you away from the drudgery and slavery you at present endure. Come, Maude, do look a little more cheerful. All these sorrowful forebodings are not very inspiriting to a fellow who is going to the other end of the world to-morrow morning."

"You shall hear no more of them," she answers, with a visible effort, smiling wistfully up at the handsome moody face of her young lover. "I will keep them to myself, dear, for the short time that remains for us to be together."

Even in this interview the contrast of the two characters comes out most forcibly—the one light, unstable, selfish through all its good humored *bonhomie*, the other brave, patient, enduring, despite the sharp suffering that rends the loving heart and throbs in every beat of pulse that his low words stir to rapture keen as pain.

How she loves him, this girl with girlish face and woman's soul! How she loves him, and reverences and worships him as women will worship their poor clay idols. Heaven help them! And how different from the pure, unselfish devotion, so freely lavished, is the careless, patronising, though warm affection he gives her! Boy and girl he has said they are; and, as years go, they seem so. But youth lasts a very brief space when sorrow shadows it, and adversity chills its ardor and crushes its hopes—and neither Maude Treverton nor Geoffrey Champneys has been exempt from "the ills that flesh is heir to."

Left an orphan when a mere child, Maude had been given the grudging protection of a relative's charity. Adopted by an aunt who already had half a dozen children of her own, the girl's life was passed between the drudgery of a nurse and the toil of a governess. The bread of dependence was indeed made bitter to her young heart; its natural joyousness was crushed, and all its bright and youthful hopefulness turned into weariness and pain.

The one brightness in her life had been the friendship and kindness shown to her by Mrs. Champneys, a widow lady with an only son, who lived at Moreton Grange, a mile or so distant from her uncle's house. Pitying the monotony and dulness of the girl's life, Mrs. Champneys had done her utmost to relieve it; and, though her aunt's grudging jealousy had often and often interfered with this solitary pleasure, yet on the whole Maude had spent a good deal of time with Mrs. Champneys, and her beauty had been an all-powerful spell to the light-hearted, careless Geoffrey. He wooed her with the impulsive rashness of youth, and the girl's heart, so lonely, and so eager for love and sympathy, had only too speedily yielding to his fascination, for Geoffrey was very fascinating, and in other eyes besides those of his doting mother. The engagement, such as it was, met with no discouragement from Mrs. Champneys, who had always looked upon Maude as a daughter, and was in no way averse to her becoming so eventually. To her uncle and aunt Maude had said nothing as to how matters stood between Geoffrey or herself, knowing well the abuse and vituperation she would call down upon her head by so doing, for Geoffrey was penniless, and, although his prospects were fairly bright, yet he would have to pass years in a foreign land before his income would allow him to take a wife.

"And now, Geoffrey, one word more," she says at last, as she draws away from his embrace, and under the leafless branches clasps her hands around his arm—"if a day ever comes when you think you have mistaken your feelings for me, when you can look back upon this hour and say to yourself 'I love Maude still, but not with the one love of all—the love of man and woman when they love their best'—then, Geoffrey, let no false pride come between us—let no promise uttered now fetter your lips to silence; be frank with me always, Geoffrey, and remember, come what may, that your happiness is, above all things, my first thought—is a thousandfold dearer than my own."

"My dearest," the young lover says tenderly, a little awed by the girl's great unselfish devotion, "your words are cruel. They evince want of faith in me, if you think I could ever change; they show me what a base wretch I must become if ever I throw away the priceless jewel of your love."

She turns and stretches out her hands to him with a yearning gesture of infinite tenderness, while in the stillness and dimness of the wintry twilight he pours forth burning poetic words, the exaggerated eloquence of which is sweetest music to her ears, and like a fiery whirlwind consumes her thoughts, her will, her reason. Then they part.

### CHAPTER II.

IT is Christmas Eve—a cold, bleak, raw with a fierce wind wreaking its vengence on the bare branches and snapping them off like twigs to strew the damp sodden earth.

A group of children are gathered round a fire in a dingy sitting-room, all quarrelling, shouting, and romping together in an apparently purposeless but seemingly entertaining fashion.

Maude Treverton, her face paler and thinner than it looked a month ago, is sitting in a low arm-chair, vainly trying to keep the unruly assembly in order. Her head aches with the noise, and her voice is completely drowned in the yells and shouts of the young barbarians. Suddenly the door opens.

"Maude," says a shrill sharp voice, "can't you keep those children quiet? Of all the useless, dreaming drones I ever came across, you are the worst. For goodness' sake check this row—and here's a letter for you."

The speaker throws the missive into the room, closes the door, and rapidly retreats, while Maude, rising eagerly from her seat, takes up the letter and vainly reiterates her command for silence. Her eyes rest on the address of the large square envelope, and then a sigh of disappointment breaks through the close pressed lips.

"Not from him," she thinks sadly, as she sinks once more upon her seat—"and yet how could I expect it already?"

Then, with slow careless fingers, she opens her letter and reads it. A moment, and then above the noise and turmoil of the children's boisterous play a glad bright cry of wonder rings. They pause and come hurriedly towards Maude, who has sprung from her seat and, with flushing cheeks and parted lips, stands a picture of wonder and delight.

"What is it?" "What is it?" sounds on all sides.

But the girl, half laughing, half crying, in her glad, surprised bewilderment, puts them away and leaves the room.

"Aunt Mary," she says, as with swift light steps she enters the dining-room where tea is in course of prepartion, "read this. Can it be true? It seems to me impossible."

Something in the girl's face subdues the harsh indifferent rejoinder on her aunt's lips. She takes the letter and reads it through quickly.

"My dear," she exclaims, "I am surprised. Who would have thought it? Well, Maude, you are a lucky girl—and I congratulate you with all my heart. Dear, dear, how surprised your uncle will be!"

"I cannot understand it," says Maude.

"Not understand being an heiress to fifty thousand pounds? Well, it's easy enough, I should say," her aunt answers, with the slightest acrimony in her voice. "It's lucky for you indeed, Maude: such windfalls don't come to everybody. Of course to a poor hard working woman, slaving and wearing herself to skin and bones for the sake of a pack of unruly ungrateful children, no one dreams of leaving even a hundred pounds. But such is life."

"Dear Auntie," interposed the girl's gentle voice, "what is mine is yours too. You sheltered and protected me when I was a friendless orphan; if I can in any way repay your goodness how, you surely do not doubt I will do so?"

"Oh, I don't know indeed!" retorts her aunt. "When people get fortunes left them, it makes a good deal of difference. They don't care to share them with poor relatives."

"You will not find me so ungrateful," Maude answers gently.

This fortune has been left to Maude by a bachelor uncle, her mother's only brother. The girl has never seen or heard of him, and the quaintly worded will informs her that because she has never sought him, cared for him, toadied him, he bequeaths to her his entire fortune, with the proviso that she takes his name, Chastelar, and for six months of every year lives in his town house in Grosvenor Square.

"Geoffrey need not wait now till he is rich," is the last thought that thrills her happy heart this night, "if only the dear, noble fellow is not too proud to accept a fortune with his wife."

Ere three months have passed Maude and her relatives are established in all the luxurious splendor of her new home; but, when these three months have ended, she bends her proud head to the bitterest humiliation a woman's trusting heart can know. She learns from Geoffrey's mother that her lover has married the youngest daughter of his employer, a girl of thirty, with a fortune of only three hundred pounds a year.

### CHAPTER III.

FOUR changeful years have swept on their way, bringing all things, good and evil in their train. It is the height of the London season. Fashion and passion, poverty and pain, all the misery that money alleviates or bestows, all the folly and frivolity that the tiresome pursuit of pleasure brings, are now in full force, and pass side by side in hourly contrast.

Maude Treverton, the fair young heiress who was unknown to the fashionable world a few years ago, is now one of its acknowledged belles.

One night she is at the Opera with some friends, rich and titled people, who have been her earliest pioneers through the mazes of fashionable life—Lady Denham, her son and daughter—a gay high-spirited girl of eighteen, who is enjoying to the full the delights of her first season. As for Lord Arthur, the only son of Lady Denham, he has been hopelessly in love with Maude for two years past, and only kept from putting his fate to the test by the sure conviction that he will "not win, but lose it all;" and the wide sense of desolation that these words convey appals him far too deeply to allow of his running any risk of testing them.

"What a handsome man!" says the clear glad voice of Lady Alice, breaking suddenly through the strains of one of the lovely airs in *Faust*. "Look, Maude!"

A little impatient because of the interruption, Maude turns her eyes from the stage to the excited face of her companion.

"Where?" she says languidly.

"The box just opposite," answers Lady Alice softly. "There, with that lady in pink. Isn't she a contrast to him?"

Maude looked across in the direction indicated, and then turns deadly white. Time, place, scene, are all forgotten—all merged into one glad memory fresh from the buried past. With a sudden unaccountable impulse Maude draws back within the shadow of her box. She cannot meet his glance or look at his face, knowing all his faithlessness as she does, feeling that no bridge can ever span the wide waters of desolation that he let loose upon her life.

"Well, what is your opinion? How silent you are!" Lady Alice says presently.

And Maude, with a start and visible effort, murmurs something hardly intelligible, and turns her eyes upon the stage, which is now merely a mass of light and color, and moving figures, blurred and indistinct from a mist of painful tears.

* * * * *

"Who is that beautiful girl in white satin and pearls?" asks Geoffrey Champneys, later in the evening, of a gentleman who had entered his box.

"That? Why, don't you know? Oh, I forgot—you've only just come back from 'foreign parts!' She is a Miss Chastelar, one of the richest heiresses this season—had a lot of money left her by an old uncle four years ago. She's a calm, cool, quiet sort of girl who keeps you in your place whether you like it or no, and turns a deaf ear to all her impecunious charmers—charm they never so wisely!"

"Geoffrey," says a languid voice at this moment, "I am tired—take me home."

"It's very odd," returns the husband impatiently, "that you always are tired just when I'm beginning to enjoy an evening anywhere."

Muttering something the reverse of complimentary, the young husband gathers up his array of fan, gloves, smelling-salts, wraps, and various other appurtenances with which she delights to encumber him, and leads her out of the box with a curt good night to his friend, who inwardly thanks his stars that he is not a Benedict.

### CHAPTER IV.

GOING riding again? Dear me, Geoffrey, I wish you were not so fond of leaving your poor wife to solitude! It is a poor return for all I have done for you, to be neglected and—and despised!" And a sob, stifled in the dainty folds of a cambric handkerchief, concludes the sentence, as Mrs Geoffrey Champneys sinks back among the manifold cushions of her couch and give way to languid grief.

Everything about this lady is languid—her voice, her walk, her smiles, her tears. She is one of those women to whom violent emotion seems impossible, and her impassibility is a severe trial to her hot-tempered impetuous young husband.

Long, long ago has Geoffrey repented of his rash and ill judged marriage, and down in the depths of his heart the shame and dishonor of his conduct to Maude Treverton rankle deeply. He married because he was weary of work ere work had fairly begun. To have a rich wife, and be saved the trouble of doing anything to support himself or her, was a very pleasant idea to Mr. Geoffrey. But he had been deceived in supposing the daughter of his employer—a rich and influential merchant in Barbadoes—was as wealthy as report said. Her fortune was merely three hundred a year, settled on her by her mother; and her father was so annoyed at her marriage with his handsome impoverished clerk that he refused to render her any pecuniary assistance whatever. However, after the first year of married life, Mrs. Champneys went to the old man with a tale so pitiful and humility so deep that he relented, and not only forgave her, but allowed her husband and herself a handsome income and free tenancy of his own beautiful house, which he vacated for their benefit. Four years afterwards he died, leaving his daughter sole heiress to all his wealth; and Geoffrey was then able to leave a country he detested, and return to England a rich man.

Geoffrey Champneys mounts his horse and rides off slowly to the Park. There are not many riders in the Row, for it is yet early, and with a gloomy face and downcast eyes, heeding no one as he passes, he enters along the old hackneyed route prescribed by fashion.

"Hallo, Champneys, old fellow!" cried a

cherry voice. "What's up? Why, you look as if you had all the care of the world on your shoulders, instead of being one of the luckiest dogs in London!"

Geoffrey starts at the salutation, and looking up, sees his friend of the Opera beside him.

"Oh, it's you, Fitzgerald!" he says carelessly. "Well, are you coming my way?"

"Yes, as you might see, if you used your eyes for any other purpose than looking at the muddy mixture prepared for our delectation as riders," laughs the other.

"Not many people here," Geoffrey observed lazily, as the two proceeded side by side.

"No, it's too hot for riding. I suppose, though, you're accustomed to roasting and broiling by this time after the Bar——By Jove!"—breaking off suddenly in his speech—"a runaway, as I'm alive! Out of the way, Geoffrey, for Heaven's sake!"

In a moment, swift as a lightning flash, Geoffrey's startled eyes takes in a scene that from that awful moment is branded on his heart with fiery pain. He sees a flying horse, a white, frightened, lovely face, a mass of rich wavy hair streaming over a swaying, bending figure; he hears the swift, dull thud of thundering hoofs, and then a startled cry, "Geoffrey!" as horse and rider sweep by like the wind, leaving him stunned and dazed in the blinking sunshine. On the impulse of the moment he turns and follows. His own horse is fresh, and but little inferior to the one he is pursuing; he urges it on with whip and spur, while the air seems full of sound, and the green trees fly by in a confused mass, and the fierce sun rays blind his eyes that are strained to catch a glimpse of the flying figure so far, so fearfully far ahead.

Three seconds of agony and suspense speed madly on, to be merged into minutes; time itself becomes one frightful sense of torture and fear. Then suddenly a low wild cry of terror passes the man's lips; for he sees the chestnut swerve aside, he sees the slender girlish figure sway heavily forward, and then fall to the ground while the mad, riderless steed, freed from its burden, careers wildly down the Row, and is out of sight in an instant.

How he reached her, how he threws himself from his horse and raises her from the ground, he hardly knows. The wild words that rush to his lips as he sees the pale beautiful face of his lost Maude once more he never remembers. It only seems that time has ceased—that the past is forgotten—that, holding that senseless form in his arms again, he has gone mad for a brief moment. His tongue frames the old sweet words; his lips linger in passionate, breathless kisses on her brow, her eyes, her mouth; and then, as if the warmth of those remembered caresses roused her from her trance of pain and consciousness, the girl, with a sudden swift, shuddering sigh, stirs and wakes, and meets his anxious eyes once more.

"Geoffrey!" she gasps in her awed surprise.

"Maude, my love, my darling," he cries wildly, "you are safe—you are not hurt? Oh, tell me so! I feared—I feared you were killed!"

Suddenly the girl rises and withdraws herself from his arms—a flush of shame, a swift, vivid carnation blush that is as lovely as it is transient, sweeps all the pallor from her face and lips.

"I am not hurt, thank you, Mr. Champneys—only shaken and bruised," she says coldly. "Do you see my groom?"

They are not very romantic, not very pathetic words; and yet Geoffrey Champneys feels as if tears were nearer his eyes now than ever they were in his life before. The great wide gulf between himself and this girl, once his love, yawns before his sight and with shame and penitence he rises to his feet and helps her to do so.

The girl trembles in every limb, and a whiteness of death creeps over her face once more. He offers his arm, and, though, she is disinclined to touch it—though the old familiar contact brings back the past with a rush of keenest pain—Maude feels she cannot help herself.

Then Fitzgerald comes riding hastily up, followed by the groom and a few other riders who have witnessed the accident; and somehow—he is never quite clear how—Geoffrey finds himself giving directions, and finally he places Maude in a cab and tells Fitzgerald that, being an old friend of the young lady's, he will take her safely home—at which information Mr. Fitzgerald gives a long whistle and asks himself how the deuce Geoffrey has discovered that he is an old friend of the very girl he was making so many inquiries about at the Opera on the previous evening.

Meanwhile the cab goes on its way, and Maude, white and faint, leans back with closed eyes and wishes herself, oh, so eagerly, at home! It is Geoffrey who summons courage to speak.

"Maude," he says, with trembling voice, "what must you think of me? Can you ever forgive me?"

The girl opens her eyes and looks at him with something deeper than pain, and keener than scorn in their clear cold depths.

"I never think of you at all," she says coldly. "As for forgiving you, I waited to do that only till I had seen — seen your wife!"

Then Geoffrey Champneys remembered the Opera.

"Heaven knows," he says very sadly and remorsefully, "that cursed money was the temptation, and——"

"Money?" The girl's lips curl scornfully. "Had you but been constant for six months, you could have had one of the richest heiresses in London for your wife!"

Then the cab stops, and he helps her to alight. Just for one brief moment he holds her hands and looks into her eyes.

"May I call on you? May we not be friends still?" he pleads gently.

A sharp negative is on the girl's lips, but, looking at the handsome troubled face reading the sorrow and repentance in the sad mournful eyes, she relents.

"Yes—you may call," she says gently; "but remember this — acquaintances we may still be—friends, never again!"

Then she passes in and leaves him torn by sorrow and remorse—a prey to conflicting passions and agonizing shame.

* * * * * *

It is late in the afternoon when Geoffrey Champneys returns home. His wife is still on the couch, and her first greeting is as follows—

"It is really too bad of you, Geoffrey, to leave me in this manner. That horrid, fussy little Brankmore has been backwards and forwards here a dozen times, wanting you every moment. It is something about bonds and Turks, I believe; and——Why, there he is again!"

Geoffrey turns impatiently, to see his man of business at the door.

"May I speak to you, Mr. Champneys?" he said gravely. "I shall not detain you long. It is very important."

With a muttered exclamation of impatience, Geoffrey follows him downstairs into the library. There the little lawyer seats himself, and with a grave and anxious face begins his communication.

"Mr. Champneys, when I received your letter of instruction from Barbadoes, telling me that you wished the whole of your wife's fortune invested in England, partly in mining shares, the rest in Turkish bonds, I—I thought it best to counsel you about the risk, tempting as the investment looked. I am sorry to say that I—well, that grave fears are entertained—that, in short the——"

"Can't you say it at once, without beating about the bush, what's the matter?" asks Geoffrey impatiently. "Have they gone?"

"Yes," answered the little lawyer calmly.

"Which?" asks Geoffrey, turning pale, but speaking calmly still.

"Both."

"Good Heavens, then I am ruined! Oh, my poor wife!"

## CHAPTER V.

GEOFFREY CHAMPNEYS is a ruined man, and is obliged to work for his living once more. Bitter indeed is the life that he leads—countless are its trials and humiliations. His wife's reproaches are endless as her tears. He has ruined them; his thoughtlessness, carelessness, extravagance, have brought all this misery upon her head; and so on through the weary gamut of a selfish woman's lamentations.

One hot August night Maude Chastelar, as the world calls her now, is sitting in her drawing-room alone. A footman enters and says—

"If you please, miss, a lady wishes to see you. She won't give her name or tell her business."

Maude raises her head.

"Do you know her, James? Is it any one who has called before?"

"Not to my knowledge, miss," answers the domestic.

"You may show her up," Maude says; and the man retreats.

The room is partially lighted, and Maude's eyes turn wonderingly to the face of her strange visitor as she enters. Does she know her? A sense of something familiar in the pale straw colored hair, in the fretful sallow face, crosses her mind. Who can she be?

"Miss Chastelar, I presume?" utters a languid voice as the lady approaches the white graceful figure by the window.

"I am Miss Chastelar," says Maude in clear high bred tones that ring out distinctly in contrast to her visitor's listless utterance.

"I am aware I am taking a great liberty," proceeds the lady; "but I hope you will pardon me. You are, I believe, an old friend of my husband's, Geoffrey Champneys?"

Maude starts and turns pale as the folds of her soft silvery robe.

"Yes," she answers hurriedly.

"We are in great trouble," pursues Mrs. Champneys—"indeed I never dreamt of coming to such a state of misery and deg—deg—radation"—here she begins to weep—"and Geoffrey is so proud that he wont ask his friends to help him, while I have to work like a galley slave, and—oh, dear, I wish—I wish—I was dead!" And here the unfortunate victim to money's loss sinks in a chair and sobs bitterly.

There is a quick flash of scorn from Maude's bright eyes; then a sweeter impulse, born of womanly sympathy and pity, follows it. She crosses over to her visitor.

"Don't cry," she says gently. "I am very sorry for you. Tell me what I can do. Did your husband know——"

"Oh, no—oh, no!" interrupts Mrs. Champneys eagerly. "He has never mentioned your name. If he knew that I came here he would never forgive me—never. I learnt accidentally from—from some letters that he was a friend of yours; and I thought that, as you are so rich, and have so much influence, dear Miss Chastelar, you might perhaps get him some better employment than he has now."

More tears and sobs follow, and Maude has enough to do for the next ten minutes in subduing the storm of emotion.

"Don't fret any more—pray don't," the girl says gently; "I will do my very best for you, dear Mrs. Champneys. Meanwhile I want you to promise me two things: one is that you will never tell your husband I am going to use my influence in his behalf—another, that you will accept this"—slipping a purse into her hand, "as a—well, a wedding present from an old friend of Geoffrey's. No, not another word! I will come and see you soon—very soon; you must be dull, with your husband away all day."

So the interview ends; and thus the girl who was deserted by her foolish lover stands in the light of benefactress to his wife and saviour to himself.

* * * * *

"What a wonderful manager you are getting, Constance!" says Geoffrey Champneys to his wife one winter morning, as he rises from a comfortable breakfast table to prepare for the City.

The room is small but tasteful; a bright fire burns into the grate; the damask and silver, which are Mrs. Champneys's own property, and did not go with the wreck of their fortune, glisten in the morning sunshine; everything is neat and homely, and yet has that look of comfort and usefulness often found wanting in abodes of luxury and grandeur.

Mrs. Champneys smiles; she does not say to whom they owe so much of the comfort and taste, or to whose influence and advice she is indebted for the revived energy and usefulness of her life. All these months a guardian angel has come and gone in that establishment, assisting, cheering, and encouraging the poor listless, helpless wife, and Geoffrey knows nothing of it. It has been on his wife's lips to tell him often and often, but something has hitherto restrained her, and the secret is unguessed still.

"Well, good bye, my darling!" the young husband says cheerfully, as, hat in hand, he looks in at the door to give her a kiss. "You are quite sure you feel well to day. You look pale."

"Oh, I am as well as usual!" she answers, with a faint smile. "Don't be uneasy, my dear. You won't be summoned from the office to-day."

"I hope not," he says rather gravely; "for I may have to go down to the branch office at Brighton. What a confoundedly lucky fellow I was to get that berth, to be sure!"

"You like it? You are more contented now, are you not, Geoffrey?" his wife asks a little anxiously, as she lays her hand upon his arm.

"Like it? I should think so! After all, Constance, there's nothing like work for a man. I feel a different creature since I have been fairly in harness."

And with a sigh of thankfulness his wife kisses him and sees him depart. She has done some good at last!

* * * * * *

It is six o'clock when Geoffrey Champneys return home. No curtains are drawn, no lamp is lit; all is silent and dark. Then in the gathering gloom he suddenly sees a shadowy figure sitting in the arm-chair by the fireplace.

"Constance," he says eagerly, "why are you in the dark? Is anything the matter?"

Slowly the figure rises and confronts him in the dying light. This is not Constance, he thinks in sudden dread—this tall, willowy girl, with the firelight on her dead gold hair and white sad face. She comes a step nearer.

"Geoffrey," she says sadly, "I have bad news for you; try to bear it—try to be brave. Oh, how can I tell you?"

"Constance is ill!" he breaks in hurriedly. "I feared—I thought it. What has been done? Have you a doctor? Let me go to her!"

He turns away hurriedly, never even seeming to wonder at the strangeness of Maude's being in his house at this time. In an instant, he stands before his wife's door, the same deathly stillness reigns here too. He turns the handle; a soft hand is laid upon his arm.

"Geoffrey," says the sweet pitiful voice of his lost love—"oh, Geoffrey, think it is Heaven's will! Try to bear it!"

Then they both enter the silent room, and Geoffrey sees stretched on the bed a sight so pitiful and yet so fair that his very heart stands still in awe too deep for any show of grief; for Maude slowly uncovers the white still form upon the curtained bed, and there on the pillow rests the white waxen face of his dead wife, and on her breast is laid a tiny babe—a fragile, delicate blossom, whose hour of life had quickly faded away.

Down upon his knees the stricken mourner sinks, and one deep sob bursts from him as he kneels; and the girl, with her eyes blinded and wet with tears, glides softly from the room, leaving him alone in his grief.

* * * * *

Two years have passed since Geoffrey Champneys laid his wife and son in God's Acre to rest. He has mourned in deep and real grief for the sad and swift bereavement he has suffered. He is years older in feeling and in character, for a great sorrow is to some natures as a furnace that purifies gold.

He has worked on steadily and perseveringly, throwing himself heart and soul into business, and winning golden opinions from employers and associates. And in those two years he has but once seen Maude Chastelar. Pride has made him hold aloof from her presence—pride and just that touch of undying shame which his own remorse has kept alive for six long weary years.

One bright sharp wintry afternoon he leaves business early and goes off to Brompton Cemetery to pay a visit to his wife's grave. On his way he buys a beautiful bouquet of white flowers to place upon it—his usual custom on any of these visits. As he nears the grave and sees the pure gleam of the marble cross on which the slanting sun rays fall, he starts, for there beside it stands a figure—the figure of a woman. He pauses, hesitates, and then advances slowly towards the spot. As his steps sound on the graveled path, the girl turns swiftly towards him, and Geoffrey finds himself face to face with Maude Chastelar. The dusky light, but makes her beautiful features, her rich hair, her perfect figure, more distinct. His heart almost stops beating; he is strangely, fearfully agitated. Then the calm sweet voice of old breaks upon his ear just in such cool and tranquil greeting as she might have given an ordinary friend.

He takes her hand, he meets her eyes, and then, with one swift ungovernable impulse of passion and remorse, he falls at her feet.

"Oh, Maude," he pleads, with quick impassioned fervor, as the Geoffrey of the sweet old buried time might have pleaded, "I have avoided you, shunned you so long because I dared not meet your scorn—receive your just reproaches! By what miracle do I meet you here now?"

"No miracle at all," the girl says coldly, angry with herself that this man's voice and face should stir and thrill her heart still. "I often come here. Your wife and I grew much attached to each other before her sad and sudden end."

"How?" he cried in wonder, looking up at the calm white face whereon the faint rays of winter sunlight rests so gently. "You knew her?"

"Yes—I often came to see her," Maude says quietly. "But I bade her not tell you, because you so evidently desired that our acquaintance should cease."

"Oh, Maude," he cries, rising now, and taking her hands within his own, "could you not guess my reason? Could you not see why I feared to see you again? I felt so unspeakably ashamed of my base conduct, so thoroughly unworthy of your forgiveness, and, above all, Maude, I loved you as I have never loved another woman, not even—Heaven forgive me for saying it!—the woman I called my wife."

She is silent, pride and passion struggling for the mastery within her heart.

His lips touched her hand, and the sweet subtle spell that held her of old holds her now. She looks up at him, and all the surrounding gloom cannot hide that faint betrayal of her heart's secret. Their eyes meet, and swift as thought comes back the memory of the love in the winter twilight long ago.

"My darling," gasps Geoffrey, breathless, startled, almost afraid of this new sweet joy he has so little deserved, "can it be possible? Am I so fully forgiven that you can love me still?"

"Love is not in our power to give or take," the girl whispered softly, as she sinks upon his breast, and feels the old familiar clasp of her lover's stalwart arms—"and mine was given to you so surely once that I have never been able to take it away again!"

So, after all, Geoffrey does not accept the appointment abroad.

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Canadian papers say that shortly before the viceregal party left the Ottawa Ladies' College on Tuesday, Mrs. Mackenzie, an elderly lady, asked to be presented to her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise. The request was granted, and in the course of a brief conversation, Mrs. Mackenzie stated that the Princess' grandmother, the Duchess of Kent, had taught her the alphabet. The Princess shook the old lady warmly by the hand, and seemed very much pleased.

# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION NOTES.

SHORT dresses are no longer slim and sheath like, but, on the contrary, are covered with puffings in front, which are drawn into masses of drapery at the back. The new materials enhance the effect of such elaborate designs with their chintz colorings and fibrous patterns, in which the irregularities of nature, rather than set forms can be traced.

The prettiest seaside dresses are of fine bunting, trimmed with bias bands, pipings, bindings and panier scarfs, and pouls or bouffants in the back of gay plaided Madras handkerchiefs. New buntings are of several kinds. The old favorite canvas woven stuff, but softer and more flexible, is called African bunting The soft, diaphanous fabric, so much like the old mousseline de laine, is termed Plevna bunting, while Byzantine and French buntings are reproductions of the same goods and of the old challies: and among the seaside buntings are reproductions of the old balzarines of thirty years ago. The softest shades of chamois, cream, beige, pearl gray, rose, blue, and pure white in these goods combine beautifully with Madras plaid goods, while the darker colors, gendarme and navy blue and the garnet and wine shades, are trimmed effectively with gold braids, or gold brocaded, or shot, or gold embroidered galloons and small gilt buttons. The waistcoats are usually provided for all bunting suits, and the fancy buttons of every kind that are brought out this season are used to excess in decorating the same and various parts of the costume. Frequently three rows of small buttons are placed on the front of the waistcoats, and even on black bunting costumes these buttons are generally very gay and effective.

The lace mitts in all colors, and the Lisle thread gloves in mode shades of gray, stone and drab take the place of kid for midsummer wear. The longer the mitt or Lisle thread glove, the more fashionable is the wearer considered; and this is *de rigueur*, whether the sleeves be long or short. The tops of the Lisle thread gloves, and the wrists also, are beautifully lace clocked and held in place on the arm with three separate elastics. The same number of elastics are also necessary for the longest lace mitts. The lace mitt is the most frequent form of the lace glove, but there are half-fingered and entire fingered lace gloves for those who prefer them; and while lace mitts and gloves are most in demand there are found on the glove counter every color and shade of lace mitt and glove and ladies who are fastidious in such things have as great a variety to choose from in matching their toilets as they have in kid gloves. The Lisle thread hosiery, too, this season comes in every color and shade, and the matching of stockings with the costume is almost as usual a thing as to match gloves and ribbons.

I hear of the revival of the scarf as it was worn by our grandmothers, and possibly by some of us, fifteen or twenty years ago. This year the favorite model will be of black satin, trimmed with frayed out ruches or with lace, and will undoubtedly meet with great success.

As for mantles, the Visite form, with variations, continues in favor, and many diverge into mantelets. Mr. Wanamaker displays some lovely mantles in brocade, the small design representing leaves very much in relief, and the trimmings are wide Breton lace and loops of satin ribbon. Another, called the Fanchon, is of double crape, thickly worked with jet, and a scarf of black gros grain, tied in front like a Marie Antoinette fichu. The Valois is one of the many capes or pelerines made in black, and richly worked with jet, a triple lace fraise encircling the throat. He also has a variety of round Sicilienne capes, edged with a deep netting of jet; the front extends long, like a basque, and is curved back over the hips, being draped there in small bouffant loops; the arms come out from under the capa, and are not covered. Another style is of camel's hair; they are quite short, and consist of a scarf, with holes cut to pass the arms through, while the front ends curve backwards in easy folds that meet at the back.

Besides these confections there are fichus, scarf mantles, and scarves, with square Hungarian sleeves and mantles, with paniers and bouffant backs. Black moire antique is the newest material for these confections; but black satin, China crepe, Sicilienne, repped silk, and camel's hair are all used. Netted jet, jet fringe, jet lace, jet passementeries, and rosette ornaments are lavishly used on the new mantles. Some are trimmed with iridescent beads, showing every color of the rainbow, while others have gold and jet beads together, and still others have steel, gold, and red beads of coral hoes studded in the passementerie.

Among the most taking bonnets are those of all fruit or flowers. There are cowslips all over, or crocuses; others have flowers over the crowns only. I have seen a bed of violets on a crown, with a drawn muslin brim in front or a chip brim and lace strings. The "chapeau dessert" is like a basket of moss in which cherries are closely stuck; cherry-bob fringe is a dangling border for brims; clusters of currants frosted to imitate crystallized sugar are in the same order of ideas. Cottage bonnets set closely to the head. I have seen one in white and black Breton lace trimmed with large roses. There are roses, indeed, as large as small cabbages, mounted with crape leaves.

Pekin parasols and gingham garden sunshades are fashionable.

### FASHIONS IN JEWELRY.

In good truth jewelry is more influenced by the whims and fancies of individuals than by fashion. The distinguishing features in the modes just now are that earrings are small, that large lockets—indeed, any kind of locket almost—is out of date, and large brooches things of the past.

Quaintness and oddity of design characterize modern fashions in jewelry. Imagine a gridiron with a ruby heart and its suggestions of wasted affection, applied as earrings; or a small Balmoral boot in gold. For a gentleman's pin the daintiest of high-heeled shoes have been transfixed by a pearl-headed stick; and the crutch and toothpick badge is also utilized, while the Order of the Barbary Ape is perpetuated in a well-modelled ape.

Quaint and curious devices hold good in bracelets as in other things. Among a variety of good designs is one of clasped hands—the gift of friendship—with an appropriate motto inside respecting Auld Lang Syne; it is made in gold, with emeralds and diamonds.

A novelty is a bangle bracelet, displaying flattings on the upper portion, each of which contains a letter. Looking at it one way one motto is visible, and another when the position of the bracelet is reversed. This is capable of much variety. A gold handcuff, presented by a gentleman and locked on the wrist of the fair recipient, is a curious but not uncommon conceit in bracelets. Broad bands are decidedly going out; the bangle is the universal type of the modern bracelet. Like the rings, there are many of them, sold in sets of three in one case, with distinct gems on each, placed so as to set diagonally on the arm. The serpent bracelets, which in putting on twist round and round the arm, made in gold and silver, plain and jewelled, are another dominant fashion.

Cats' eyes are very much in favor. Pearls in strings and set are also worn. Pearl and pink coral and pearl and lapis lazuli are fashionable combinations.

Turquoise set in Etruscan gold is also restored to popular favor for brooches, earrings, and bracelets.

There is a strong and decided feeling in favor of revivals of antique designs, and those of Holbein are now most fashionable. Pendants of the Queen period and the Stuart period are mostly oval, with bows of gems surmounting them.

Rings are worn much in sets, and a very usual present for a bridegroom to his bride on her wedding day is a set of three rings, each with distinctive gems. A large gold gipsy ring set with gems, having often a motto or date inside, is the usual engagement ring. Lozenge shaped rings, revivals of old antique designs, are also worn.

In the small knicknacks connected with jewelery the same quaint feeling is apparent. Cleopatra's Needle, accurately engraved, both in gold and silver, form a pencil case; so does a bottle of Cliquot champagne, and one of Bass's pale ale. The last new gold-mounted smelling-bottles have dog's heads for tops.

## Fireside Chat.

### SACHETS AND GLOVE BOXES.

TASTE and ingenuity are perfectly unhammelled in these knicknacks. Elegant and quick of execution, they naturally suggest themselves as fit for bridal or birthday offerings. The fashion now is to present a set of two boxes—one long for gloves, the other square for handkerchiefs—both inclosed in a specially-shaped case. Their foundation of cardboard is covered with tightly strained silk, satin, brocade, &c., and fastened with a loose cordelliere and tassels, tied over the lid. Of this kind we will describe some pretty examples, viz., a groundwork of white satin crossed by a sprig of holly, the leaves and stalks worked in green silks, the berries reproduced with red gimp balls. In a second set, similarly ornamented with harebells, pale blue silk composes the blossoms. On a covering of garnet satin, a tasteful effect is obtained by perpendicular stripe of white rep silk embroidered with closed daisies, or, vice versa, with dark cashmere hands and a pale silk surface. A central bouquet and corner folds of contrasting color also exhibit a novel feature.

A cigar or indeed any small wooden box may be transformed into a useful handkerchief case as follows: Line the interior with scented wadding and silk or satin. Fasten two narrow ribbons to act like hinges and one in front as a loop; surmount the lid by a pincushion mounted on cardboard, and fix it with gimp pins. Then cover the outside of the box with carsenet or cambric, on which place alternately muslin bouillonnes and bands of embroidery or lace. Complete the whole with silk flounces in corresponding colors.

Another way is to stretch satin over the box, and merely border it by a box plaited ruching. On the pincushion fix a cretonne medallion as centre, and encircle the lid by a full flounce of Breton lace, caught down at the corners with red ribbon bows.

For the same purpose small sachets, combining pincushions, are also made. They consist for instance, of two saved inch squares in cardboard, lightly wadded and the two quilted and surrounded by a frilling, embroidered in pale blue cotton. A bow of ribbon closes each angle. To the top is affixed a blue pincushion, five inches square, stuffed with bran or perfumed wadding, and finished off by a cream and pink flounce, both worked in blue. The centre displays a monogram, star in crochet, tatting, &c.

Ordinary double sachets measure 11in. across and are furnished with two inside pockets. Most of these have a rectangular form, convenient for either gloves, handkerchiefs, or laces. Quilted satin is the usual fabric, and to both lining and cover is tacked a sheet of wadding sprinkled with iris powder. The quilted pockets, as well as the plain soufflets or triangular sides, match the sachet itself, all the seams being concealed by a cord, often terminated by trefoils. Occasionally the outside is composed of two triangular pieces of satin in contrasting colors, and much variety can be introduced by the arrangement of quilting alone; for instance, a square of sonnetting with a star, set to form, a lace or muslin &c.

Ornamenting adornment pen painting is perhaps the most novel and artistic. In the latter case boxes of same shape can be used, or the colored photograph of bride and bridegroom, outlined by a gold twist or linen lover's knot.

Every kind of initials, both English and foreign, finds a place on sachets, sometimes being wrought in gold and silver, or in white cotton interlaced with delicate open stitches. With the aid of flowers charming devices and Christian names are fashioned; thus, roses in nature's hues represent the name Rose, and also Love, lilies the name Lily; and forget-me-nots that ever-welcome motto.

Whatever be the shape of a sachet, all kinds of needlework are applicable—patchwork cretonne, application of old and new embroidery, pearls, gold and silver thread, and, more profusely than all, lace, either as cover or border, from the costliest point to cheap Torchon. Ovals or squares, placed diamond-wise, are very much in favor, the centre often embellished with interlaced letters, cunningly shaped by two or three sizes of braid, and above them a satin-stitch applique crest worked on the cambric.

I have seen three elegant Parisian sachets—a dark blue satin one, embroidered with variously colored flowers; another with a flat centre of worked rose satin, enclosed in bouillonnes and lace flounces, in the corners of which nestle tiny bouquets of artificial roses; while the third, of black satin, shows a richly-wrought group of variegated pinks and ferns, with an edging of point à l'aiguille. Bunches of corresponding flowers complete the decoration.

Table Border—One way of using up odds and ends for a table cover is to cut several into the semblance of small hearts, put them over cardboard, first tacking the scraps on, and then buttonholing them with yellow floselle. When several various colored ones are ready arrange them on the border, tack them on, make a chain stitch from each up to a point and as if they were each hanging by a string, and sew on last of all a bow of narrow ribbon of the same shade as the chain-stitched silk, you have a bunch of little hearts hanging from a bow. These in different colors, in groups at equal distances, have a very pretty quaint effect. Scraps cut out diamond shape, and fitted in to form a star, are effective. There is a new work, which consists of scraps of all kinds being appliqué on to serge, and ornamented with colored silks, in imitation of Eastern work. Stars, circles and all sorts of shapes are brought into use. If the pieces of cloth are large enough require couchant them in squares and work a flower in crewel or silks in each. Cut out in the form of leaves, ivy, or vine leaves, appliqué on with long showy stitches in colored silk, veiled with silk, and laid on a bright-colored ground, has a pretty effect.—Sirrah H.

Peacock Feather Table Border.—I have just completed a border and think I can give some good suggestions to your readers. The peacock feathers should be laid on the foundation thus: One straight, then one a little inclined a little to the right, then another to the left, then a straight one again. The quills should be cut short and laid over each other. The feathers should be in the centre of the valance, which is one long straight piece, about seven inches deep. Hide the quills as much as possible, and choose full and well matched "eye" feathers. Another way of arranging them is to cut three of the same length, lay them on the material slantwise, the quills towards the centre, and fasten them on. Add a bow of dark red satin ribbon of an inch wide, to tie them loosely together. In the centre of the valance an oval medallion frame, formed of the smaller neck feathers, and in the middle a large monogram, worked in dark red silk, with an outline of dark green or black. The quills of the feathers must point towards the centre, and downwards on each side of the monogram. Allow three or four inches space between the groups. Turn in the edges of the cover top and bottom, and line with stiff muslin or net. The neatest way of fastening a valance to the mantel board is to drive in gold headed nails. This looks better than cord edging. A fringe is not necessary, but can be added if required. It should be wider than two inches. The feathers should be tacked on, and not gummed.—Emmeline.

In answer to Dora's inquiry for a description of a sacque which is so frequently alluded to as being among the old styles revived, I think the following will prove satisfactory: The sacque was introduced into England, according to Fairholt, about 1740, and held sway until the end of the eighteenth century; and he describes it as "an appendage of silk affixed to the shoulders of a lady behind, and thence falling to the ground." It had many varieties, sometimes it was gathered at the back but mostly plaited, and it is often called the Watteau train, or the Watteau plait, because so many of the charming figures that artist painted wore the sacque; but, as he died in 1721 it is clear that the fashion in France must have held good from the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in England earlier than 1740. Watteau's sacque was generally tunica, looped up over [illegible], and, in truth, when a sacque is worn with a short skirt, it is always so looped, but with a long dress it forms the train. The sacque was worn for walking costumes, and the pictures Watteau has left us of so many outdoor *fêtes* confirm this, and, of course, it formed a part of full dress. It was generally worn over hoops. Page 384 of Fairholt's "Costumes in England" give an excellent sketch of a full dress one, and page 374 of its absurd sacque over a large hoop. The sacques were made of very rich stuffs. We read of "a brocaded lutestring sacque with a ruby-colored ground and white tobine stripes, trimmed with white floss; a pink and white striped tobine sacque and petticoat, trimmed with white lace." They were worn with high and low bodices. A very usual way of making them now, and in old days, is to carry a wide box-plait of silk from the waist to the top of the bodice (over a regular bodice complete without it), occasionally left loose at waist, the tunic portion being gathered at the waist. Then again, it is either plaited or gathered, and forms the veritable back of the dress, with sleeves and a loose front showing a distinct front of the bodice; but it is more usual for the sacque, tunic, and side of front bodice to be cut in one and to meet a stomacher, being trimmed with ruchings or double plaitings a la vieille.

During the siege of Paris there was nobody more popular, and afterward there was nobody more unpopular, than Sergeant Hoff. He with his own hand slew twenty seven Germans during the first six weeks of the siege. His gallantry was rewarded by praise lavished in his regimental order of the day, and the Legion of Honor was bestowed on him. The Minister of War told him it was very important that a despatch should reach Marshal Bazaine, and offered him $4 000 to undertake the mission. It was perilous. He staked his head on success. It was easier for him than for many Frenchmen—he was an Alsacian and spoke German well. He said to the Minister of war: "I accept the mission, but I refuse the money." Howl after howl of indignation went up when it was found Sergeant Hoff had disappeared. It was said that he had always been a Prussian spy and was now a traitor. The government gave the key note to these howls to save Hoff's life if he were discovered as he passed through the enemy's lines. He safely reached Bazaine. The war over he was made keeper of Vendome Column. The keepership Triumphant Architect [illegible] and Sergeant Hoff to [illegible] of Parisians, has been appointed to the vacant place.

# Answers to Inquirers.

[illegible] (Mandota, Va.)—[illegible] we answer any [illegible]

E. F. (Bristol, Siam.)—We cannot supply you with any remedy for a very high color in the face.

St. Elmo, (Mandeville, La.)—The translation of "Cela quies est" is "There is rest in heaven."

Anonymous, (Calhoun, Mich.)—Brigham Young had, when he died, thirty-seven wives, if our records are correct.

Jewett, (Fauquier, Va.)—Iridium is the most costly metal, being worth about eight times as much as gold, and 1 200 as much as iron.

Pug, (Germantown, Pa.)—A nose slightly upturned—the tip tilted or pug retroussé is, when not too pronounced, rather attractive than ugly.

Propertius, (Holland, Penn.)—If she hits the caller good bye in the parlor, that is enough. He is a fool for getting angry because she doesn't go to the door with him.

L. D., (Henry, Ill.)—The poetry is hardly up to the mark for publication. When correspondents desire the return of declined MS, it is a rule to send the necessary stamps.

Mary, (Marion, Kans.)—By the act of 1870, the [illegible] was created as a branch of the Department [illegible]. It has since been attached to the Department [illegible]

[illegible] Parks [illegible] shop of [illegible] upwards [illegible]

R. J. B., (Wabash, Ala.)—[illegible] the nature of a toy than a substantial article is well worth in our judgment, all that is asked for it and more.

Morgan, (Monroe, W. Va.)—San Marino, in Italy, the oldest republic in Europe, its government dates from the fourth century A. D. at five hundred years previous to that of Andorra in Spain.

Ivy, (Hankins, N. Y.)—Look out for another lover. The one you have fallen out with is too good for you. If you make it up with him again you will have to wait three or four years before he is in a position to marry.

Lupoxx, (Phila., Pa.)—The Spanish Cortes is the assembly of the states of the kingdom and is composed of nobility, clergy, and representatives of cities corresponding in some measure with the Parliament of Great Britain.

Grocer, (Phila., Pa.)—Glucose is the substance into which in the body all starchy or saccharine food must be first converted before it can be assimilated. Bread and cane sugar when taken into the body are very rapidly changed into glucose.

Rose, (Morrow, Ohio.)—The following is recommended as an excellent recipe for [illegible] Dissolve [illegible] of soft boiling water, and add four ounces of essence of spruce, when nearly cold add one half pint of yeast. Keep it in a warm place. Next day strain it through flannel, bottle it, and wire the corks.

Enos, (Hot White, Ill.)—Jocular folks of a past age declared that "eating of ye bread fried in ye fat of pig would make ye hairs toe curl." We have no [illegible] a pint of thin gum water an [illegible] mixed together and scented [illegible] perhaps the [illegible]

[illegible], (Rio Janeiro, Mex.)—The Spanish hero [illegible] was one of the greatest captains of the eleventh century, by name Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, who so distinguished himself in action against the Moors of Spain, whom he vanquished on many occasions, and from whom [illegible] other [illegible] he [illegible] throughout part of the character of romance. He died about the year 1098.

Mama, (Cheshire, N. H.)—Good [illegible] make good wives, and no sensible man likes [illegible] a worthy husband would [illegible] a [illegible] long courtship of [illegible] from [illegible] discharge [illegible] weary of even her [illegible] of needfulness should give one [illegible] thing very much amiss in your mind and we advise you to think better of your intention.

Many, (Wash. Ter.)—The [illegible] steep in twilight, and indeed night there, at [illegible] [illegible] prevalent idea that the moon has anything to [illegible] the dog star has anything to do with the [illegible] are many [illegible] never flung our vowed by the Moon.

John and Jim, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—[illegible] girl at her word when she tells him [illegible] sign of victory but [illegible] has no reserve except sympathy.

Hatta, (Bobilo, Ga.)—There are a great many generally well informed people who are not aware of [illegible] concerning the English Royal Family, so [illegible] than they are. Queen Victoria, married to Prince Albert, Prince of Wales, Princess, married to the crown prince of Germany, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, Arthur, Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise, married to the Marquis of Lorne, the Princess Alice, married to a German Prince, and who recently died; the Princess Helena, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice unmarried. Dynamite is a very powerful explosive compound prepared from finely powdered slate, or clay, saturated with nitro-glycerine.

Marissa, (Venango, Pa.)—The poor fellow to whom you allude deserves sincere sympathy, not on account of his deformity—that is really a very small matter compared with those endured by a vast number of persons—but for his extreme sensitiveness. [illegible] responsible for this, but he should make an effort to control it, and act worthily of man's nature. [illegible] had a deformity, and it was the bane of his life as some believe, driving him to rest, and pretended dissipation by the impulse of sheer determination not to be excluded from female society or reputed an outcast. There have been similar cases, and many others in which strong good sense has trampled over [illegible] [illegible] very much to [illegible]

Tyro, (Bait. Md.)—All that is known concerning the origin of the term Printer's Devil, is that in the famous old printing house of Aldus Manutius, the [illegible] at Venice, in 1497, was a negro boy who [illegible] as [illegible] in the multifarious work of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

### ON THE BRIDGE.

I lean the bridge-rail over,
To watch the stream run by;
The current bubbles cover!
They glitter radiantly.

They make and break each minute;
Right onward runs the stream.
I read a lesson in it
Time halts not for a dream.

# Faithful Blanche.

BY H. W. H.

AT that most fearful time in France, when, in the middle of the fourteenth century, Christian men might almost be pardoned if they despaired of Christianity, there was yet, as is ever the case in the midst of all that is most odious and repulsive, much that was most admirable in the conduct of the human actors.

Devastated from one end to the other—no less by the hostile incursions of the terrible English invaders than by the exactions and oppressions of their own hereditary lords—France was little more through all her borders than a wide, uncultivated, unreaped desert.

Famine was in the land, and pestilence, and fire, and the sword; and there was none to help the people. Their lords were themselves impoverished, and unable to equip, much less subsist the armies which should have protected the children of the soil; were unable to support their own families and followers in their accustomed opulence, much less to feed or assist the perishing population.

The foreign enemy laid waste the country far and wide to maintain their intrusive garrisons and, worst of all, organized bands of marauders of all nations—Picards and Englishmen, Flemings and Germans, Hollanders and Welchmen—nay! but Frenchmen themselves traversed the country day and night, pillaging, plundering, with no pretext beyond the love of rapine and havoc.

And this, and worse than this, was the state of France when, maddened by misery, brutalized by bondage, hopeless of life and careless of death—for what terror has the gibbet or the axe, the spear-point or the edge of the sword to him who is doomed to perish of starvation?—the wretched populace of the rural districts, hereditary slaves, not emancipated but enfranchised at one lawless blow, leaped headlong into the fiercest satiation of licentiousness and butchery, of wanton and unmeaning barbarism.

In the very height of this dark period when almost sixty castles and good houses had been sacked by the populace under their fiendish leader, Jacques Caillet, while the nobles were in paralysis and dismay, for their best and bravest were absent on the crusade against the heathen of Prussia and the Indies of the land to the number of above three hundred, with the duchesses of Normandy and Orleans, had taken refuge in the market place of Meaux, where they expected hourly to be besieged and captured, a deed of loyalty and valor was done by a poor peasant girl worthy to be enshrined among the finest feats of female heroism; although the histories are mute concerning her.

About thirty miles to the northeast of Paris and about half that distance from Meaux the market place of which stands on an island of the Marne, is tolerably strong and with a good garrison capable of defence, lies the little borough—in those days a mere hamlet of huts collected around the base of a small feudal keep—of Nanteuil le Haudouin.

This keep of Nanteuil was the stronghold of a seigneur far more commonly odious than most of his class.

For a time it had escaped assault. Now, however, it came on a wild night in the early part of April, when a tremendous storm of wind and rain was washing away the remains of a deep snowfall and swelling every brook into a torrent, that the fierce shouts of a tumultuous crowd, and the glare of thousands of resinous torches, defying the tempest, flaring over a sea of heads among a forest of spears and halberds announced to the garrison of the castle of Nanteuil that their respite was at an end.

With the morrow the garrison knew they must be assaulted and that by twenty thousand men as yet unchecked by a single feature in their career of cruel victory—knew also that they had no choice but to defend themselves and die under shield easily, or expire in untold agonies, crucified or impaled or slowly roasted at the stake.

The Lord of Nanteuil, a husband no longer, was still a father, and of one daughter. Strange is was that such a father should have called such a creature, daughter. For by feature and form mind and affections, she was as near to perfection as anything can be that is human. Yet that very beauty was now like to prove her bane, not the antidote to her peril.

And he, tyrant and monster as he was, and in all other things incapable of human feeling, loved that fair gentle being as he loved nothing else on earth or in heaven. Coward as he was, if he were not, he would have braved the worst tortures of the tormentors to preserve not more her life than her honor.

There was for himself no hope; for her but one, and that almost hopeless. In the castle of Nanteuil, as in most of the old feudal keeps, there was a secret subterranean passage issuing far beyond the outworks, beyond the probable lines of the besiegers. But as it was intended only as a means of escape against foreign foes, not against rebels and traitors, it opened not far from the centre of the village, through the cellar of the house of one of the chief vassals of the castle—now one of the chief leaders of the Jacques.

This was the only hope, and for her he resolved to try it. For any beyond herself concealment was impossible, for her it would have been so likewise, but for one solitary chance. That vassal, that arch rebel, Nicholas Maillart, was, like his hated lord, a widower left with children—one a fair girl, "whom he loved passing well," and who was foster sister to lovely Marguerite de Nanteuil; the other a boy, who had served in the castle as a varlet, and who had been retained from the outbreak of the Jacques as a hostage.

To this boy in his extremity the cold, cruel baron resolved to entrust his child; and there was something more than touching, something sublime, in the confidence with which this wild chief who had never trusted man, or merited the trust of men, accepted the simple word of this youth, whom he had often abused foully and maltreated when a child, an adult, almost a man.

But he did trust him and showed him the secret passage, and gave him the clue, and dismissed him in the guise of a deserter by the postern, raising an alarum on the instant and calling on the warders on the bartizan to bend their bows and send an arrow through the traitor. But the night was dark as a wolf's mouth, and the boy fleet of foot as the hunted deer. The peril, if peril there were, was soon overpast.

The next day with the earliest dawn the castle was attacked on all sides with all the fury of insatiable hate, defended with all the firmness of despair. The air was alive with whizzing bolts and arrows, the rocks rang with the din of arms, the howls and yells of the mob.

Many brave men were slain on both sides; among others Nicholas Maillart, the very man whose child was plighted to save Marguerite. But this De Nanteuil knew not, when, at sunset, the besiegers drew off their forces to roar and revel through all the dreary night around their blazing watch-fires!

As the castle clock tolled midnight, the Lord of Nanteuil stood at the entrance of the secret passage with his trembling child, half hope, half fear, deceived into the belief that her sire was flying with her. The signal agreed upon was given and returned. He unlocked the trap, and not the boy Martin, but the girl Blanche stood before him. He started back aghast.

"It is I. They have arrested my brother on suspicion; you have slain my father! Will you trust her to me?" Her face was pale, but her eye was bright with a strange expression.

"I will. Take her; as you do to her, God so requite you."

"Amen! I will die dishonored ere a hair of her head shall be polluted. Come, come! all is in the hands of our Maker."

And before the scared girl had missed her father, she hurried her into a small, low cellar, where she made her hastily don a suit of her own russet peasant's weeds, and led her up a crazy ladder into the principal room of the house.

When day dawned all was over—she alone of her whole race survived and she had been missed by the savage captors. And fierce pursuit was scouring the plains towards Meaux after one, clad in her attire, lashing a fiery palfrey to its wildest speed—for life! the dear life! the dearer honor!—while she slept there, the serene sleep of innocence.

Persons came in, and withdrew; the gossips of the village pitying or exulting. But as they saw the hapless child, as they thought her sleeping, they respected her grief and awoke her not.

But how fared it with her the devoted rescuer of the maid—the desperate rider! Fast as she fled, faster, it seemed, her pursuers gained on her; and, hopeless to save either life or honor, she had already drawn the fatal blade which De Nanteuil had intrusted to her brother when—joy! joy! as she rose on the summit of a hill, banners and spears came sweeping up the slope to meet her. The Count of Foix and his brave followers!

They had saved Meaux on the previous day and were hurrying forward, hoping to save Nanteuil. At least they were in time—thanks to the glorious loyalty and gallant truth of Blanche Maillart—to save its orphan heiress.

Many a gay esquire and gallant knight would gladly have ennobled the beautiful young heroine. But, true to caste, as she had been loyal to her lady, she spurned the doubtful honor and when peace revisited the land, made glad a good man of her own degree, and lived and died a true and loyal woman.

## SOME WIVES.

I CAN'T understand why "some wives" never see the "eternal fitness of things" but make it their especial business to worry the life out of "some husbands." To be sure nothing is more beautiful than a happy household, and nothing more easily gotten than the "good bye kiss" after the morning meal—if the wife is all she should be, for nothing flatters man's vanity so much as the attention and caresses of a nice little woman.

In most cases when a man marries he expects to be the happiest individual in the world, but how frequently his wife disabuses him of that idea, and he is made to understand that *her wants* are to be attended to—regardless of business or any thing else: and that she is the one to be loved, petted, caressed, and humored, whether she be lovable or not, without ever thinking for one moment, that this "strong man" is as weak as she in that respect and wants to be loved a little too, and needs as much encouragement in his business affairs, as she demands attention of him.

But when he quietly persists in looking after the business that is to bring them in their bread and butter, the motive is immediately misunderstood, and somebody is dreadfully abused, and this same somebody wouldn't be kissed good bye then under any circumstances; but goes to work deliberately to hatch up a host of slights to "twit him" of—till he half imagines he was a "bear" to treat her like that. But how to get set straight again is more than he can tell. He knows something is wrong—but as his wife tells him a dozen times a day that it is all his fault, and as he don't know how to make himself over to an advantage he gives up in despair. And so that wife runs that house that way, and some could be made believe that the existing coldness was brought about by her own dear self. Thus you see some wives are like some children—claim everything as a natural right, giving nothing in return and then act like martyrs all the rest of their lives.

One amusing feature to me is, how much pleasure such a wife takes in trying to make said husband understand what a favor she conferred upon him by marrying him—altho she had the perfect right to refuse him at one time but unhesitatingly accepted him.

Now I have never seen a man who was not flattered by the smile of a pretty woman, whether she knew it or not—so I insist upon it if wives want the admiration and affection of their husbands, that their lovers once gave them, they in return must show them the attention and courtesy that was so fascinating to the lover. We must not forget hearts are the same, whether lodged in the masculine or feminine breast, an that each one has its own longings. Hence it is just as necessary for the wife to speak a tender word as the husband, and any true wife who has her husband's interest at heart can wield an influence over him that he scarce can understand himself. So I can but believe that the wife herself is too often to blame when these little demonstrations of love are done away with. GERALD.

## LITTLE WOMEN.

LITTLE women are prone to fascinate big men, but perhaps they have a considerable amount of power over men in general. But they are endowed with no such power for witchery so far as their sisters are concerned. Indeed, there is a certain amount of chronic antagonism between little women and other women, and prevents them from fraternizing together with that cordiality with which women who are in no way physically remarkable can. The ordinary woman will, probably, tell you if you appeal to her for an opinion, that the little woman "is a conceited little thing, that gives herself all manner of airs and graces." The statement may not be quite correct, but those who generally make it have good cause for belief in its accuracy. The constant contemplation of her own insignificance has ruffled her temper, though her very smallness is in some cases a point in her favor rather than against it. But constant fighting, even if it is only shadows, has a decidedly exasperating tendency. Now she is continually doing battle with what she and some others may be disposed to consider her weak point. It is easy to see how keenly she feels the sting of being small. She not only assumes an aggressive attitude toward a great portion of humanity on that account; she allows the fact to influence her in the matter of taste and her every day life; If she has a house, she will have everything in it on as big a scale as possible; she will love big horses and big dogs, she will, as we have already said, probably marry a big man and she will in a variety of other ways indicate her affection for the magnificent as compared with the insignificant. All this may be regarded as a sort of protest on her part against her own littleness. It is another proof that people would like to be just what they are not, and to get just what they lack. Though her foibles and eccentricities are many, she can be forgiven them in view of their size. At the same time she may be recommended to make herself a little more agreeable if she were less egotistical and aggressive.

## AN AMAZON QUEEN.

AN eminent linguist and philologist, has just communicated to the *Civil and Military Gazette*, of India, a translation of a narrative of travel given to him by a native. This man was a body servant of the late Ameer for many years, and it was during this eventful period that he came across a modern edition of an Amazon Queen. Having been ordered by his master to fetch a supply of dates from a town some sixteen miles distant from Herat, the messenger came across a district ruled over by woman, whose name was never allowed to be mentioned. In addition to great personal attractions she claimed direct descent from the hero, Rustam, nor did she show much degeneracy from her reputed ancestry. For on one occasion, General Feramorz paid her a visit, with a view of impressing camels for the service of Shere Ali. Jumping on her horse and carrying a trusty spear in her hand the Amazon Queen rode out to meet the General, whom she informed that she was ready to fight either the whole of his master's forces or the Ameer himself in single combat should he prefer that alternative. Feramorz was so scared by her warlike demeanor that he took himself off without seizing a single camel, and the plucky Queen was left undisturbed for the future. Perhaps it was just as lucky for Shere Ali that he did not accept the challenge to personal combat, for the dauntless lady was no mean proficient in warlike arts. When the man was staying at her fort she was a widow, having put her husband to death by reason of his being deficient in physical courage. It was understood, however, that she would be quite willing to change her condition, and several of the neighboring chiefs had made her offers of marriage. But to one and all there was the same fatal objection—they were not brave enough to come up to her idea of what a husband should be. In addition to being a feminine Rustam in the field, she cultivated the arts of peace with a thoroughness not usually found among Oriental rulers. An energetic merchant herself, with many thousands of camels constantly carrying merchandise to and from the outside world, she encouraged her subjects to trade by suppressing thieving, and putting a stop to kidnapping, a favorite weakness with the Afghans.

## ESQUIRES AND GENTLEMEN.

IN England these terms have not the same meaning as with us. There they are really defined by law. A gentleman must always be nobly born, and an esquire was originally one who, attending a knight to the wars, carried his shield; whence he was called *scutifer* or *armiger* in Latin or *ecuier* in French. Blackstone observes, that it is a matter somewhat unsettled who is a real esquire, for it is not an estate, however large, that confers this rank upon its owner. Several sorts, however, are enumerated. 1st. The eldest sons of viscounts and lords. 2nd. The younger sons of all noblemen, and their male heirs forever. 3rd. The four esquires of the king's body. 4th. The eldest sons of knights. 5th. Those that serve the king. 6th. Those to whom the king himself gives arms, and makes esquires by giving them arms. 7th. Those who have any public office in the kingdom, as high sheriff, justices of the peace. 8th. The chiefs of some ancient families are likewise esquires by prescription—that is to say, a long continuance of possession. To these may be added all foreign, nay, Irish peers; and not only these, but the eldest sons of peers of Great Britain, who, though frequently lords, are only esquires in law, and must be so named in all legal proceedings. Officers of the king's courts and of the king's household, counsellors at law, justices of peace, are only esquires in reputation, and a justice of the peace has this title only during the time he is in commission and no longer, unless he be otherwise qualified to bear it; but a sheriff of a county, being a superior officer, bears the title of esquire during his life in consequence of the great trust he has in the commonwealth.

It is there the general opinion that every gentleman of landed property, who has $4 000 a year, is an esquire, but this is an error. By custom, however, and as a matter of courtesy, this title is indiscriminately given to every man who lives on his private fortune, and to rich merchants and opulent dealers. In fact, this title seems to be assumed by all such as think their property entitles them to usurp it, without reference to character, merit, or family connection, although these latter by law are the only means of conferring it.

The other day a four year old child in Cincinnati fell from a balcony fifty feet above a brick pavement and went whirling toward the ground. On the porch below stood a little girl ten years old, who saw the child fall and put out her arms in attempt to save him. She did catch him, at the risk of being dragged over also, and though she was not strong enough to hold such a weight, she was able to turn the course of the boy's fall and he alighted at her feet on the floor of the porch. His head was somewhat cut, but his life was saved, and the little girl's arm was lamed, but not broken.

# Our Young Folks.

## FLAPS.

**A Sequel to "The Hens of Hencastle."**

AND what became of Flaps after they all left Hencastle? Well, he led his company on and on, but they could find no suitable place to settle in; and when the fowls began to recover from their fright, they began to think that they had abandoned the castle too hastily, and to lay the blame on Flaps.

The oldest hen of Hencastle shook her feathers to show how much Flaps was in the wrong, and then puffed them out to show how much she was in the right.

The chief cock was not so free of his opinions as the chief hen, but he grumbled and scolded about everything, by which one may make matters amply unpleasant without committing oneself or incurring responsibility.

Poor Flaps! Well might he say, "One ear is enough to listen to you with, you pack of ungrateful fools. First an eye, then an ear, then a leg," the old dog growled to himself; "and there's not a fowl with a feather out of him. But I've done my duty, and that's enough."

Matters went from bad to worse. The hens had no corn, and Flaps got no eggs, and the prospect of either home or food seemed very remote.

One evening it was very rainy, the fowls roosted in a walnut-tree for shelter, and Flaps fell asleep at the foot of it.

"Could anything be more aggravating than that creature's indifference?" said Hen No. 2. "Here we sit, wet to the skin, and there he lies asleep! Dear me! Just hear how he snores! Ah! it's a trying world, but I never complain."

"I do, though," said the chief hen. "I'm not one to put up with neglect. Hi, there! are you asleep?"

And scratching a bit of the rough bark off the walnut-tree, she let it drop on Flaps' nose.

"I'm awake," said Flaps; "what's the matter?"

"I never knew anyone snore when he was awake before," said Hen No. 1. "Mr. Flaps, do you know that we're wet to the skin and dying of starvation, whilst you put your nose into your great coat pocket and go to sleep?"

"You're right," said Flaps. "Something must be done this very evening. But I see no use in taking the whole community about in the rain. This time I shall go. Cuddle close to each other and keep up your spirits. I'll find us a good home yet."

The fowls were much affected by Flaps' magnanimity, and went up to the top of the tree as Flaps trotted off down the muddy road.

All that evening and far into the night it rained and rained, and the fowls cuddled close to each other to keep warm, and Flaps did not return. In the small hours of the morning the rain ceased, and the rain clouds drifted away, and the night-sky faded and faded till it was dawn.

But as the day grew older Flaps appeared.

"Well, dear, dear Flaps!" they all cackled as he came trotting up, "Where is our new home?"

"It is very near," said Flaps; "but I may as well tell you the truth at once—it's a farmyard."

"Oh!——" said all the fowls.

"We may be roasted, or have our heads chopped off," whimpered the young cockerels.

"Well, Scratchfoot was roasted at Hencastle," said Flaps; "and he wasn't our only loss. One can't have everything in this world; and I assure you, if you could see the poultry-yard—so dry under foot, nicely wired in from marauders; the most charming nests, with fresh hay in them; drinking troughs; and then at regular intervals, such abundance of corn, mashed potatoes, and bones, that my own mouth watered at—are served out——"

"That sounds good," said the young cockerels.

Well the end of it was they all agreed to go. So to the farmyard the whole lot of them went, and were there before the sun got one golden hair of his head over the roof of the big barn.

And now Flaps was very hungry—so hungry that he could not resist the temptation to make his way towards the farmhouse, on the chance of picking up some scraps outside. And thus is how it came about, that when the farmer's little daughter Daisy, with a face like the rose side of a white-heart cherry set deep into a lilac print hood, came back from going with the dairy lass to fetch up the cows, she found Snaps snuffling at the back door, and she put her arms round his neck and said: "Oh, I never knew you'd be here so early! You nice thing!"

But the dairy maid screamed, "Good gracious! where did that nasty strange dog coms from? Leave him alone, Miss Daisy, or he'll bite your nose off."

"He won't!" said Daisy indignantly. "He's the dog Daddy promised me;" and the farmer coming out at that minute, she ran up to him crying, "Daddy! Is'n't this my dog?"

"Bless the child, no!" said the farmer; "it's a nice little pup I'm going to give thee. Where did that dirty old brute come from?"

"He would wash," said little Daisy, holding very fast to Flaps' coat.

"Fine washing too!" said the dairymaid. "And his hair's all lugs."

"I could comb them," said Daisy.

"He's no but got one eye," said the swineherd. "Haw! haw!"

"He sees me with the other," said Daisy. "He's looking up at me now."

"And one of his ears gone!" said the dairy lass. "He! he!"

"Perhaps I could make him a cap," said Daisy, "as I did when my doll lost her wig. It had pink ribbons and looked very nice."

"Why, he's lame of a leg," guffawed the two farming men. "See missy, he hirples on three."

"I can't run very fast," said Daisy, "and when I'm old enough to, perhaps his leg will be well."

"You surely don't want this old thing for a playfellow, child?" said the farmer.

"I do! I do!" wept Daisy.

"But why, in the name of whims and whamsies?"

"Because I love him," said Daisy.

When it comes to this with the heart, argument is wasted on the head; but the farmer, went on: "Why, he's neither useful nor ornamental. He's been a good dog in his day, I daresay; but now——"

At this moment Flaps threw his head up in the air and sniffed, and his one eye glared, and he set his teeth and growled.

He smelt the gipsy, and the gipsy's black pipe, and every hair stood on end with rage.

"The dog's mad!" cried the swineherd, seizing a pitchfork.

"You're a fool," said the farmer (who wasn't.) "There's someone behind that haystack, and the old watch-dog's back is up. See! there he runs; and as I'm a sinner, it's that black rascal who was loitering round the day my ricks were fired, and you lads let him slip. Off after him! for I fancy I see smoke." And the farmer flew to his haystacks.

But Daisy took Flaps by the ear and led him indoors to breakfast. She had a large basin of bread-and-milk, and she divided it into two portions, and gave one to Flaps and kept the other for herself. And as she says she loves Flaps, I leave you to guess who got most bread and milk.

That was how the gipsy came to live for a time in the county gaol, where he made mouse traps rather nicely for the good of the rate payers.

And that was how Flaps, who had cared so well for others, was well cared for himself, and lived happily for the rest of his days.

J. H. E.

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Another instance of gross abuse of authority by a Russian government official has come to light, and is a fitting pendant to the accounts recently published of the wholesale slaughter of prisoners which occured at Kieff. In the district of Rjasan the Chief of the Police, summoned some forty peasants who had been unable to pay their taxes. This conscientious superintendent had the whole of the unfortunate men flogged with rods which had been dipped in brine in order to add to the agony inflicted. The men were beaten until nearly dead and their bodies saturated with salt water. With a refinement of cruelty that is scarcely credible he then gave orders that no water for drinking should be furnished to the victims, who were writhing with pain and literally consumed with thirst. He was tried for these proceedings and condemned to three months imprisonment only.

---

Admiral Alexander Murray, of the navy, a bluff old sea dog, was fined $5 and costs in the Washington Police Court the other day for an assault upon Jesse Miller, a young man of arristocratic connections. Some colored coachmen having made Lieutenant Taunt, the Admiral's son-in-law, mad by striking his dog, young Miller Championed the cause of the former. The Admiral arrived upon the scene to see Taunt and Miller scuffling, so whacked in with his big cane upon the unfortunate meddler's head. In Judge Snell's court the old hero did not show that the Yankee tar is a soaring soul, for he bowed his head in meek submission and forked over the five.

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As the steamer Princess Alice, which trades between Dundee and Liverpool, was leaving Dundee lately, a young couple stepped on board and took berths for the voyage. Scarcely had they done so when another young man rushed on board and claimed the young woman as his wife. He, in turn, was followed by a woman, who clambered on to the Princess Alice, and stoutly maintained that the young man first mentioned was her husband. The fight occurred after the ship set sail.

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Life is short, if it merits that name only when it is agreeable; since, if we reckoned together all our happy years, we should without difficulty make a life of some months out of a great number of years.

# Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 844 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

## ANSWERS.

No. 192. OSTRICH.

A B
L O
A H
B E
A M
M I
A A

No. 193. NEMATOID.

No. 194.
S E T E L
E L I T E
T I T H E
E T H E R
L E E R S

No. 195. BAYARD TAYLOR.

No. 196.
M
C A T
P A D U L
C A L A M A R
M A D A R O S I S
T U M O R E D
L A S E A
R I D
S

No. 197. MASON.

No. 198.
P L A N E S
L A V O L T
A V A T A R
N O T A T E
S L A T E S
S T R E S S

No. 199. ASBESTOS-MAGNESIA.

No. 200.
F I L A C E R
S E C U R E S
D E B A T E S
R E S I D E D
B E R A T E S
R E T I R E R
D E F A M E R

No. 201. 1. SPURGEON. 2. GLADSTONE. 2. DISRAELI. 4. TYNDALE.

No. 202.
C
C O D
T O M E S
T E M P T E R
C O M F O R T E R
C O M P O S I T I O N
D E T R I M E N T
S E T T E R S
R E I N S
R O T
N

No. 203. NUMERICAL.

A thousand years ago at most,
WHOLE lived on the Italian coast.
This is 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
In music used—not fiddlesticks.
'Tis known each 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
To men entice doth often strive.
You've felt the hand of fate and more—
You've felt that of 1, 2, 3, 4.
Ere this you tell him "yes, sir-ree,"
But afterwards "yes 1, 2, 3."
You doubtless know old man 1, 2
Until his spirit windward flew.
All puzzlers 1, of course possess
A something diapers can't express.

Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

No. 204. SQUARE.

1. Fractured. 2. Soft. 3. A man's name. 4. Void. 5. Having a tone.

Lansdale, Pa. BALFOUR.

No. 205. CHARADE.

The gallant Adolphus met Sue at a fair,
And thought her, by jingo, the sweetest girl there;
At once he invited her out to a ball
To go with his lordship and sup at the hall.
Quite WHOLE was the hall and the table well spread—
The first thing he did was to FIRST her the bread.
Then he helped her to SECOND of everything good
Escorting her home in a cab as he should.

Decatur, Ala. BOU CON.

No. 206. SQUARE.

1. 'Twill make the posers look "down in the mouth,"
To find this constellation in the South.
2. This is a hollow, chances oft avoid;
A void is good. Pray do not be annoyed
3. At anything I say, for you can THIRD
Your injured innocence you know. The word
4. That I have chosen for the solving pate,
Is yellow borax in a crystal state.
5. If you will FIFTH to solve it, you will find
That matter always yields the crown to mind.
6. This puzzle ended better than I thought
It WOUND UP well; pray posers did it not?

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 207. DOUBLE CROSS WORDS.

In wrecking not in save
In brandish not in wave,
In spadoon
In a spoon
In wrested not in gave.

If Dicken's novels you have ever read,
You know that Tony Weller often said—
To Sammy bold
"Beware the WHOLE
Gray 'airs she'll bring unto your 'ead."

Baltimore, Md. MAUD LYNN.

No. 208. HALF SQUARE.

1. A light vehicle. 2. Adventurous in flight. 3. Spending time in sluggish inaction. 4. A genus of plants. 5. A female nickname. 6. To join. 7. A prefix. 8. A letter.

Lexington, Ky. FLEWY ANN.

No. 209. CHARADE.

My FIRST the ladies always use
And cannot do without;
That you can guess it if you choose,
Indeed there is no doubt.

An article my SECOND is,
Go look your Grammar through;
My THIRD and last is always first,
No matter what you do.

My WHOLE you'll find a recent work,
Not long upon the stage,
It has eclipsed some older ones
And still it is the rage.

Philadelphia, Pa. KATE NICKLEBY.

No. 210. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A prefix signifying son. 3. A province of Austria. 4. A district of India. 5. A town of Southern India. 6. A town on the island of Luzon. 7. A son of Neptune. 8. Extended. 9. A letter.

Mifflintown, Pa. SANCHO PANZA.

No. 211. CHARADE.

There was a LAST Don in Savannah,
Had A. Hue like the reddest bandanna
All over his FIRST
And he thought himself cursed.
Till he got a LAST WHOLE from his Hannah.

San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

No. 212. HALF SQUARE.

1. Scolds (Colloq.) 2. To cut off a letter. 3. To suffer to be done. 4. A suit. 5. Mental state. 6. A Latin proper name. (Webster.) 7. To scold. 8. A goddess. 9. In the compass box. 10. A letter.

San Francisco, Cal. GOOSE QUILL.

No. 213. ANAGRAM.

The Knot below is known to all;
To puzzlers great and puzzlers small
THE POSER GIVES ANDY T. A NUT.

Gibson, Pa. ODOACER.

No. 214. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A ball of thread. 3. Placed whalebone into stays. 4. Boiled. 5. Encircled. 6. Belonging to the order of perchers. 7. Destroying. 8. To decrease. 9. To hide. (Scot.) 10. A weapon. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

## ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

### PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

### SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of May 10th were solved by Jarop, A. Solver, O. W. L., Willie Wildwave, Odoacer, Gil Blas, Comet, Nic O'Demus, The General, Hal Hazard, Graham, Maud Lyon, Asian, O. Possum, Ben. J. Mis., Dora Chester, Randolph, T. A. E., Peggotty, Capt. Cuttle, J. C. M., Percy Vere.

### PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Not won.
2. Jarop. - New York City.
3. A. Solver, - - Kenton, Ohio.
4. O. W. L. - Rondout, N. Y.

### ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mattie Jay—Diamond. Lochinvar—Cryptograph. Theron—Diamond. Towhead—Numerical, and three Diamonds. Waverly—Three Diamonds. Nic O'Demus—Diamond. Capt. Cuttle—Cryptograph. Effendi, Rob Roy and Skeeziks—Charade.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROW-LOCK—The answer to the "Canons." Did you all guess it?

COMET—We received nine perfect solutions to your Greek and Latin Monstrosity, yclept a Rhomboid, and O. W. L. is the lucky boy. The Cigars are first rate.

MATTIE JAY—Diamond O K, in fact excellent. Sorry that Puzzledom must suffer because you are so busy.

LOCHINVAR—We are surprised to hear that to you, the Cryptograph is the "golden puzzle." Well, we will give you enough of them, and publish your own Choctaw as soon as possible.

THERON—We select the Diamond for publication and hope to see you climb the ladder of puzzle fame.

EFFENDI, ROB ROY & SKEEZIKS—

Your "Boss" Charade
Is finely made,
It is upon my soul;
If you preferred
FIRST, SECOND, THIRD—
I much desire a WHOLE.

TOWHEAD—Well done old Boy. We palpitated under our watch-pocket, when your letter was opened, for fear "circumstances over which you had no control" would prevent your attending our Party. We welcome you heartily and bespeak for you a cheerful greeting from all Puzzledom.

WAVERLY—Your last three Eleven-Letter Diamonds came to the right market. They will "go off" like "early potatoes."

NIC O'DEMUS—Your Poetical Diamond will almost reach from here to the "Golden Gate," and we have placed it under Hydraulic pressure trusting when it reappears, that it will have the proper dimensions for this Department.

CAPT. CUTTLE—Your Cryptograph, like the Diamond of 'Old Nic' needs a little squeezing and we send you a pressing invitation to commit to memory a few dozen old maxims such as, "Brevity is the soul of wit," and "The best of goods come in small packages."

PUZZLERS—Unless we receive fewer puzzles containing Greek and Latin proper names, undefinable abbreviations, Proper names in the plural, collective nouns with s added, diabolical Double Acrostics and such like—we shall get up a Code that will choke one half of you to death—and then how will you like it? We do not admire unsolvable puzzles either large or small, and intend to publish in this Department work that it will be a pleasure and not a pain to unravel.

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Rather a remarkable breach of promise case has been tried in London. Mr Jackson contracted to marry Miss Paris. Subsequently he became insane, whereupon Miss Paris sued him for not marrying her, and has actually recovered $250. The Lord Chief Baron ruled that the action could be maintained, and that the defendant's lunacy did not make a bit of difference. It was argued that so far from being incapacitated for marriage by his lunacy he all the more needed a wife to take care of him! The thing was settled upon purely abstract principles. It was nothing that poor Mr. Jackson couldn't be married; that no clergyman would marry a maniac. It was shown that Mr. Jackson was rapidly recovering, and when restored to his senses might marry Miss Paris; but that didn't change the verdict. Miss Paris got her $250.

# New Publications.

Appleton & Co., have just issued two additional volumes to their "Handy Volume Series," one from the French of Emile Souvestre, entitled 'An Attic Philosopher, or a Peep at the World from a Garret," being the journal of a happy man, and is one of the most charming little sketches. The other, by Wilkie Collins, is entitled "A Rogue's Life," and is the reissue, with a careful revision by the author, of a sketch written for and published in Charles Dickens' Weekly Magazine some years ago. Both of these volumes are prints of exhausted editions and are welcome additions to the Handy Series. They are for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price 75 cents each.

The International Illustrated Magazine, published monthly by Joseph Hoover, 1129 Chestnut street, is another candidate for popular approval. The work is well edited, the original and selected matter being of the best order. Each number contains also several superior pictures.

"The Ghost of Redbrook" is the title of a new novel published by Lippincott. It is by the author of The Old Trump, The Lucy Diamonds, and other popular works of fiction. The mystery interwoven in the plot is well sustained throughout the story, and with the skillfully drawn characters makes the story very interesting. The style is dramatic and yet free from exaggerated sensationalism. Bound in paper. Price 75cts.

The same publishers have also just issued a new novel from the pen of Kirby Hay entitled "A Mere Adventure," which possesses the same attractive elements which made her other stories popular. The plot is one that sustains the reader's interest throughout, and the characters are drawn with strong salient points, as give each a different individuality, skillfully handled throughout the story, the tone of which is very pure and the style pleasing. It will prove attractive to all readers of fiction. Bound in paper; price 75cts.

The June number of "The Popular Science Monthly," contains the usual variety of interesting articles, opening with The Condition of Women from a Zoological Point of View, by Prof. W. K. Brookes. The others are: Selecting a First Meridian, by E. Cortambert; The Study of Physics in the Secondary Schools, by John Trowbridge; Modern Science in its Relations to Literature, by William Brackett; Observations on the Chameleon by O. R. Bachelor, M. D.; The United States Life Saving Service, by W. D. O'Connor; Diseased Condition of the Faculty of Wonder, by Professor Gairdner; Are Explosions in Coal Mines Preventable? by Francis R. Conder; Chemistry in its Relations to Medicine by Professor Ira Remsen; The History of Games, by Edward B. Tylor; Whales and their Neighbors, by Dr. Andrew Wilson; A Problem in Human Evolution, by Professor Grant Allen; Sketch of Professor Clifford, whose portrait is given as a frontispiece. The Editor's Table and Popular Miscellany are full of interesting items.

"Mark of the Russian Violinist," by Henry Greville, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Bros. It is a musical novel, and an art study, full of beautiful prose and true poetry, and such as could only be written by an artist and genius, and the vein in which it is written displays the author's genius at its best, and this, her new book, will afford delight to the most cultivated. It is published in a large duodecimo volume of 500 pages, bound in morocco cloth, black and gold and will be sent to any one to any place at once, on any one remitting the price of it in a letter to the publisher.

The June number of United Service contains the following interesting articles on naval and army subjects. Our Cavalry, by Major-General P. St. George Cooke, U. S. A.; Something About Deep Sea Sounding, II., by Captain George E. Belknap, U. S. N.; Cartridges for Small Arms, by E. M. Wright, Captain of Ordnance, U. S. A.; Reform in the Navy, by Captain William T. Truxton, U. S. N.; The Battle of Jankau, or Jankowitz by Major General J. Watts de Peyster, N. Y. N. G.; A Summer Cruise with Farragut, by Medical Director E. Shipman, U. S. N.; United States Training-Ships, by Captain S. B. Luce, U. S. N.; The Examination of Officers in the National Guard, by Russell Thayer; A Chapter from the History of our Army, by Captain George F. Price, 8th U. S. Cavalry; Naples, by Commander William Gibson, U. S. N.; Probable Cause of the Explosion of the 9-Inch Gun on board H. M. S. Thunderer, by Professor John M. Brooke, Virginia Military Institute; The Question of Non-commissioned Officers," translated from Revue des Deux Mondes by First Lieutenant A. W. Greely, Fifth Cavalry; Naval Education and Organization, by Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N.; Editorial Notes. Published by L. R. Hammersly & Co., of this city.

NEW MUSIC.

The following pieces are among the latest musical publications issued by G. D. Russell, of Boston: Lizzie Was Sae Bonnie, Scotch ballad; And I Flatter Myself, song with chorus by Lloyd; Farewell, words by Byron, music by C. S. Elliott; Rest in the Shadow of the Rock, sacred song by George Cooper, music by J. S. Gilbert; comic song, O George! by Miss Kate Castleton; Azalea Polka, by L. Strrabbog; Impromptu Mazurka, by Madame Julia Rive-King; Send Me a Letter from Over the Sea, ballad with chorus, words by G. R. Jackson, music by J. L. Gilbert. Published by Davenport Brothers, Boston. The above are received from.

Happiness is unrepented pleasure.

Keep to your calling: let no man induce you to abandon that which you have studied for years, in the vain attempt to learn a new trade in a month. Success springs from industry and perseverance.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal saucier. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow.

**Thousands Might Annually be Saved.**

In Consumption, the "Compound Oxygen Treatment" has been remarkably successful. How few ever recover entirely from Pneumonia, and all for the want of a revitalizing agent such as "COMPOUND OXYGEN" will certainly furnish. Thousands might by its use, be saved annually from the grasp of that great destroyer CONSUMPTION. Some of the most brilliant cures which have already been made by this new Treatment have been in Consumption. The amplest information will be found in our Treatise on "Compound Oxygen." It is sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

# News Notes.

Provisions coming into Paris pay a duty.

Americans now devour more frogs than the French.

It is said that the best professional cooks in the world are Italians.

Rich discoveries of silver ore are reported in Arkansas, near the Hot Springs.

Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, is the guest of Cardinal McCloskey, New York.

Ex Senator Cameron is personally superintending a tobacco farm near Lancaster.

A lady, Miss Caroline Hardcastle, is churchwarden at Harwood, near Bolton, England.

The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will open the new Art Gallery in Montreal.

Don Carlos, the pretender, hates brunettes, wears false teeth, and thinks Chambord a sneak.

The German Empire has twenty-one universities, with 1,250 professors, and more than 17,000 students.

Prince Alexander, the new Sovereign of Bulgaria, will visit Balmoral soon, by Queen Victoria's invitation.

The French, Austrian, Turkish, and Spanish Ministers to this country will pass the Summer in Newport.

The Italian African explorer, the Marquis of Antinori, has been made a prisoner by the natives near Shoa.

The skeleton of a child was recently found in a chimney in London wrapped in papers dated three years ago.

A training school is being established in England in order to provide trained nurses for the sick in private families.

It is a curious fact that both the English cardinals, Manning and Newman, are proselytes from the Church of England.

The orchards in Northern Pennsylvania, which is the great fruit raising region of the State, never looked more promising than now.

The daughter of a hotel keeper at Delaware, Ohio, rubbed red pepper in the eyes of a boarder as he sat at dinner, because he winked at her.

There was a falling off in hippophagy in Vienna last year. There were 2 770 horses slaughtered for food, against 4,050 the previous year.

General Grant leaves Yokahama by the next steamer, about the last of June, and will reach San Francisco in the neighborhood of July 20.

The iron factories in New England have for the last three months been running on full time, and many of the largest report heavy orders.

The English law of libel is complained of because it punishes men whom a jury of their peers have not pronounced guilty in intention as well as in act.

A man of seventy and a girl of twenty-five jumped off a railway train at Richmond, R. I., and were married in the depot before the train started.

An advertisement for 500 cats appeared in a Jacksonville, Fla., paper. They were needed to feed the largest alligator that had been caught since 1860.

Governor Drew, of Florida, was a New Hampshire boy. He now owns sixty thousand acres of land, and employs four hundred men in getting out lumber.

Chaplain Wilcox, aged eighty-five, of Lebanon, Chenango Co., N. Y., is a great-great-grandfather. His grandson's granddaughter made her debut a few days ago.

Wheeling, W. Va., claims to be the largest nail centre in the country. Nearly all the factories are now running. The glass men at the same place are in full blast.

A Spiritualist robes himself in white and walks at night in a graveyard at Northfield, Vt., believing that he can thus communicate readily with spirits of the persons buried there.

Of the cardinals recently created by Pope Leo XIII., Cardinal Zigliara is the youngest member of the Sacred College. He is the son of a poor sailor and is but forty-five years of age.

Danbury, Conn., has a hoop rolling prodigy, Tommy Moran by name. Last Saturday he rolled fifteen hoops to Bethel, two miles and back. Afterward he kept fifty hoops in motion at one time.

One person in 450 in Prussia is affected with insanity. A Berlin professor attributes the result largely to intemperance among the lower class, and too much forcing of early education among the other.

Pawanante, King Humbert's would be assassin, occupies a cell in a sea-girt tower, is watched by three keepers day and night, once a week is put on bread and water fare, and is not allowed to write, though he is permitted to read.

Ralph Waldo Emerson lectured in Boston a few days ago. He showed a giving way to old age and his utterance was often indistinct. He read his lecture while seated, his daughter guiding and prompting him whenever he lost his place.

Miss Mary Greene, of Providence, R. I., has just celebrated her 100th birthday. She is wonderfully preserved and does not look to be more than 80 years old. Her mind is vigorous, her memory excellent, and she is fond of conversation.

The Solid South, to a woman, are for Hop Bitters, using them as their only family medicine.

There are serious fears entertained of a failure of the silk crop in Italy and France. In France more particularly the situation is very critical. If heat suddenly sets in after the wet and cold of the spring, the leaves of the mulberry trees will be dried up quickly, and no sustenance will remain for the cocoons.

A Georgia fisherman recently caught a catfish, a squirrel and an alligator, all upon the same hook at the same time. The fish probably caught the squirrel while swimming across the lake, and afterward caught and swallowed an alligator about a foot in length, and then found and swallowed the bait upon a set hook.

"Ella Zoyara," the once celebrated "equestrienne," died of small pox at Bombay last April. "Ella" was a man, and his right name was Omar Kingsley. He was born in St. Louis in 1840 and at the age of six years ran away and joined his fortunes with a circus troupe. Being taught to ride he made his appearance in the clothes of a little girl, and his clear complexion, rosy cheeks and curling hair assisted the impersonation. In Europe he first attracted attention, and scores of nobles, and even the King of Italy, fell in love with him. When Zoyara returned to New York he was advertised as the greatest female rider that Europe had ever seen, and crowds were nightly attracted by his performances. He rode a graceful act, was more daring and brilliant than any equestrienne than had appeared before an American audience, while long experience enabled him to impersonate female character in a manner that almost defied detection. His sex was a secret even to many of those employed in the same establishment. He subsequently went to California, became part owner of a circus and was traveling with it when he died. Of late years he resumed his proper name and attire, marrying Sallie Stickney, the equestrienne, a daughter of Robert Stickney, of Cincinnati.

Everybody in England is sick of Cyprus. Sir Garnet Wolseley had had a wooden palace sent out to him, which has proved of no use at all for that particular climate, and he is sick of it. His staff are to a man equally sick of it, and nothing but a feeling of loyalty to their chief has kept them in the place.

When a woman sets her heart on a new bonnet she ought to have that bonnet set on her head.

Reuben B. Springer, of Cincinnati, is said to be the wealthiest Catholic in America.

**Deal Gently with the Stomach.**

If it proves refractory, mild discipline is the thing to set it right. Not all the nauseous draughts and boluses ever invented can do half as much to remedy its disorders as a few wineglassfuls—say, three a day—of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will afford it speedy relief, and eventually banish every dyspeptic and bilious symptom. Sick headache, nervousness, sallowness of the complexion, foul upon the tongue, vertigo, and those many indescribable and disagreeable sensations caused by indigestion, are too often perpetuated by injudicious dosing. An immediate abandonment of such random and ill advised experiments should be the first step in the direction of a cure; the next step the use of this standard tonic alterative, which has received the highest medical sanction and won unprecedented popularity.

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Those who are traveling, or who intend spending a few weeks in the country, will find the use of Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream gratefully refreshing in preserving the delicacy and beauty of the complexion from the baneful influence of the sun, dust and wind. Its virtues have long since been acknowledged, and the inventor looked upon as a benefactor to the ladies. For further reference we refer our readers to the ad. in another column.

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Saved by using M'Clelland's Homœopathic Remedies. They are prepared expressly for Families. Put up in neat one dollar cases and contains twelve (12) of the most prominent medicines with description of disease and full directions for use. We want an agent in every town and county to sell our remedies. Sample case with terms to agents sent, charges paid, for one dollar. Address MCCLELLAND & CO.,
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A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with Hop Bitters."—Ed. Oswego Sun.

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*A Skin of Beauty is a Joy for Ever.*

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Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

Removes Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it, to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient)—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." A'so Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

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that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,
FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Racking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Douloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

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OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED

—BY—

DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.

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CURE BY ABSORPTION

We do not care to ask readers to act contrary to their judgment as to what is good for them, but when you think you have sufficiently taxed your stomach by pouring into it nauseous drugs, turn your attention to that GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY,

"SAPANULE"

Get a bottle and test its marvellous power. It reaches every part of the organism, cleansing away all obstructions, drawing inflamed and impoverished blood from weak and diseased parts to the surface, and by absorption returning the life-current purified to sustain and strengthen. Inflammation cannot live where SAPANULE is applied. It is a certain and prompt cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO or BACKACHE, and HEADACHE. No preparation ever offered to the public is so prompt and sure in Curing and Healing all accidents to the living organism. Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, new or old; Chilblains, Cold Sores, Boils, Piles of all kinds, Burns and Scalds, Bleeding and all accidents, and diseases of the Head, Body or Feet, "SAPANULE" at once relieves and cures. Try it, and if not satisfied to call for your money and get it.

PINT and QUART BOTTLES 50 cents & $1.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS,

At Wholesale by JOHNSON HOLLOWAY & CO., Phila, Pa.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
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Who DESIRE TO SELL, Send Full Particulars, Synopsis of Title and Map of same to

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THE
Unparalleled Success of
**The Mail Department for Samples & Supplies**

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Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Zephyrs, Fringes, Ribbons, Notions, Cloths,

Though you live a Thousand Miles from Philadelphia, you can purchase at the Grand Depot an entire outfit or the smallest article in Dry Goods, etc., with the greatest ease, and an absolute certainty of the same exact attention that is paid to customers who visit the establishment in person.

Ladies' Suits, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Linens, Flannels, Muslins, Stationery, Silverware, China, etc.

GRAND DEPOT

Precision, Promptness and Experience, combined with the highest regard for even the slightest wishes of those who order, and a now almost faultless system, peculiar to the Grand Depot only, make this the Model Department of its kind in America.

THIRTEENTH ST., CHESTNUT TO MARKET STS.

7 Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering. 9

PHILADELPHIA



# A GOOD PLAN

Anybody can learn to make money rapidly operating in Stocks, by the "Two Unerring Rules for Success," in Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s new circular. The combination method, which this firm has made so successful, enables people with large or small means to reap all the benefits of largest capital and best skill. Thousands of orders, in various sums, are pooled into one vast amount and co-operated as a mighty whole, thus securing to each shareholder all the advantages of the largest operator. Immense profits are divided monthly. Any amount, from $5 to $5,000, or more, can be used successfully. N. Y. Baptist Weekly, September 26th, 1878, says, "By the combination system $15 would make $75, or 5 per cent.; $50 pays $350, or 7 per cent. $100 makes $1,000, or 10 per cent. on the stock, during the month, according to the market." Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper June 28th: "The combination method of operating stocks is the most successful ever adopted." New York Independent, Sept. 12th: "The combination system is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co." Brooklyn Journal, April 30th: "Our editor made a net profit of $101.25 from $20 to one of Messrs Lawrence & Co.'s combinations." New circular (mailed free) explains everything. Stocks and bonds wanted. Government bonds supplied. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

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Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

| *For Wigs, Inches.* | *Toupees and Scalps, Inches.* |
|---|---|
| No. 1. The round of the head. | No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald. |
| No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck | No. 2. Over forehead as far as required |
| No. 3. From ear to ear over the top. | No. 3. Over the crown of the head. |
| No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead | |

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.



GRAVES' PAT. RUBBER TARGET GUN.

An entirely new principle.
Shoots Arrows or bullets almost as straight as a RIFLE.
Adapted to all ages.
Length 39 in.
Shoots 400 ft.
Price, with 4 metal pointed Arrows, 2 Targets and Globe Sight.
For Hunting or Target Practice.

$1.50, delivered, free of cost, throughout the U. S. on receipt of price; or, sent by express, not prepaid, for $1.00. Clubs of six supplied with Guns at a low rate.

JOHN WILKINSON, Sole Man'f'r, 77 State St., Chicago.

Send also stamp for my elegant New Catalogue of Scroll Saws, Lathes, Archery, Base Ball, &c. I have the best goods in market, and all at manufacturers' prices. I am publisher of Hope's and Ware's Designs, and sole importer of the genuine "Wilkinson Saw Blades."



SAVE A DOLLAR!! The Egyptian Fever. Ague and Liver Pad

is without any exception the best Pad in existence for the cure and prevention of all malarious diseases and the most wonderful medical discovery of the age. No medicine required. Cures by absorption. Send for pamphlet, which gives certificates of extraordinary cures performed by this Pad, mailed free. Ask your Druggist for the **Egyptian Pad** and take no other; if he has none, I will send you one by mail on receipt of price, $1. JOSEPH FLEMING, 84 Market street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sole Agent for the United States.

STUTTERING cured by Bates Appliances. Send for description to SIMPSON & CO., Box 2226, New York.



Invest in
GOOD GOLD AND SILVER MINES
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**The Carbonate Gold and Silver Mining Co.** of Leadville, Col. have placed $150,000 of their Capital Stock on the market as a working capital. The Company own seventeen good mines and are daily buying up more. The Company is organized as a prospecting and developing company, and any person desiring to invest in a good mining enterprise, in the best locality in the world, where fortunes are daily made by prospecting and developing mines, can do no better than to buy stock of this Company.

For further particulars, references, etc. address
CHARLES L. KUSZ, JR., Sec'y.
Lock box 1979.

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**Wall Paper & Window Shade Depot,**
TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

DON'T FAIL to send stamp for the Largest, Handsomest and most complete Catalogue of TYPE, PRESSES, CUTS, &c., published.
LOWEST PRICES. LARGEST VARIETY.
NATIONAL TYPE CO., 58 South Third St., PHILADELPHIA.

OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Time short. Tenth year of unparalleled success. 1,000 testimonials. State your case and address
DR. F. E. MARSH,
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**Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine** and Pharmacy, Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles. Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No charge. Advice free.



JUST OUT. Physicians and others should clip this out and examine the new Battery. Old styles cheap. Also 100 second-hand machines of other makes very low. Dr. J. GLASS, Office and Salerooms, 1418 CHESTNUT ST., 3d story, Phila.

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We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address SILERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

Hires' Improved Package makes ROOT BEER gallons of a delicious drink—healthy and sparkling. Ask your druggist for it. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Manufactured only by CHAS. E. HIRES, 205 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

1 Pack 32 French Transparent cards, 25c; 10 photos, female beauties 10c, 25 escort and Sirkation cards 10c, all for 25c, securly sealed Hull Bros. & Wallingford ct

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We have entered into arrangements with the Sunshine Publishing Company, of this city, whereby we are enabled to make you the following unrivaled offer—an offer which will, we feel assured, secure for us not only your name, but the names of very many of your friends and neighbors as subscribers to our paper.

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Illustrated and unabridged. A massive volume of 1354 pages. *Latest and best edition.* Colored plates. Library sheep binding.
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Charles Knight's famous London pictorial edition. In two immense royal octavo volumes, 340 wood cuts and 36 full-page plates by the celebrated Sir John Gilbert, A. R. A.; also 36 elegant steel illustrations from the most eminent artists of Europe. These *plates alone* sell in one volume, imported from Germany, for TWENTY DOLLARS, at the establishment of Estes & Lauriat, Boston. The text cannot be purchased in less than 36 parts, at 50 cents per part. Bound in cloth, elegant, gilt tops and gold stamps.

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Worth $65.25. - - - - Sent on receipt of only $27.50.

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Ten royal octavo volumes. Library law binding, marble edges, extra gilt. 4000 engravings and 40 maps, and from 80 to 100 elegantly engraved plates. *Latest and best edition.* This special subscription work is made to order by the great house of J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia, expressly for the great premium offer of the beautiful publication of SUNSHINE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. It is a library in itself, is not sold to the trade, and cannot be bought elsewhere for less than SIXTY DOLLARS.

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## READ ALL OF THIS.

In order, if possible, to place a copy of our SATURDAY EVENING POST in every household in Pennsylvania and adjoining States, and to largely increase its circulation in all sections of the Union, we have become parties to contracts for the purchase of entire editions of elegant, rare and valuable books, and our readers are respectfully requested to write to us for any standard set of works; and in connection with our subscription department, their orders will be attended to at a large discount from retail prices, with the utmost care, promptness and satisfaction. Among our "Premium Offers" we mention the following:

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} *All freight charges to be paid on delivery.* {
IRVING'S WORKS,
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AND OTHER WORKS.

☞ The above "Club Offers" are only forwarded when the money is received by us. Residents of Philadelphia can leave their names at our office.

All orders should be addressed to the office of

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA.

### SUMMER PLANS.

I.

ROMANCE.

With winds that set the leaves astir,
In Nature's ceaseless murmurings,
(Like some melodious dulcimer
Whose music dies upon the strings);
With bird song sweet in smiling May
Our term of toil shall pass away.

Then, strolling near some plaintive stream
With her who seems divinely fair,
I'll watch the rippling sunlight gleam
Athwart her braids of golden hair;
And lingering in the leafy grove,
We'll tell once more the tale of love.

Or when the twilight dims the sky,
And night lets down her dusky bars,
I'll gaze upon those love-lit eyes
That shame the splendor of the stars;
While from the drowsy forest nigh,
Resoundeth Nature's lullaby.

II.

REALITY.

All day with unrelenting munch,
And aggravating buzz of wings,
The gay musquito takes his lunch
The mercury, e'en in the shade,
Skips up 500° Centigrade.

And Nature's minstrels—where are they?
In scorching heat their powers are spent;
The birds have struck for higher pay,
The streams don't murmur for a cent;
But all night long, repose to rout,
The beastly beetles boom about.

And she I love—that festive maid
Who figured largely in my plan,
Is whispering 'neath the maple's shade,
Soft nothings—to another man;
While in the bog across the way,
The bull frog pipes his roundelay.

### COMEDY OF ERRORS.

AN English writer has made the following collection of curious misprints:

A newspaper erratum drew attention to the fact that an advertisement, "Imm-d-nt" Order of Odd Fellows, should have been "Independent."

A sentimental novelist, describing his heroine who "always kept modestly in the background," was horrified to find it recorded in print that she "always kept Modesty in the background!"

In connection with the official awards of the Paris Exhibition there occurred an amusing misprint, stating that a certain edict had been issued "by order of His Highness, the Prince of Malea."

What a difference even a misplaced comma will sometime make in a sentence. In alluding to the erection of a new church, a Chatham paper says:—"There are indications that the edifice will be a substantial, though small one stone being the material used in its construction."

A religious paper described the throat of a suicide as being "cut from year to year."

Lord Beaconsfield having informed an audience that "It was not his wont to swagger or utter ambiguous words in the streets," was reported in a country paper to say that he did not "stagger or use big words in the streets."

A Midland paper publishes a shipping advertisement respecting a certain line of steam packets, and after the usual notices as to prices for board, etc, there was this extraordinary note,—"A deposit of one-half of the passage money is required to secure a birth," etc.

In another paper appeared an advertisement for a plain cook and housemaid, where the "gardener cleaned knives, boots and windows."

A well-known ritualistic work was found to be dedicated, with all the usual formality, to Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey, "through whose instrumentality, more than that of any other living men," etc.

Texts of Scripture sometimes meet with curious treatment. A compositor put into print Luke xii. 54, as follows:—"When yesee a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, there cometh a steamer, and so it is." In Matthew xxii. 24, the Pharisees were vituperated in this manner:—"Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a canal."

A compositor on an agricultural paper, whose girl's father had helped him down the front steps the evening previous, had some copy entitled "The Perforating Power of Roots" given him to set up. He fixed it up in sympathy with his own feelings, and the next day the article came out headed, "The Perforating Power of Boots."

Church programmes do not often furnish comicalities, but the peculiar manner of "setting up" makes the one following read rather ludicrously:—"Oh, give thanks, Aldrich! If we believe Goss! I will wash Hopkins! Thou knowest Purcell! Sweet is thy mercy, Barnby! Out of the deep, Aldrich! Oh, come thither, Morgan! Be gracious, Elvey! Behold now, Calkin! How dear, Crotch!"

A very quaint blunder occurred some time ago in the Freeman. The concluding sentences of a clever and highly complimentary notice of Martin's third volume of the "Life of the Prince Consort" was meant to run as follows: "The Prince closes his diary for the year with the remark 'that the protocol about the Russo-Turkish frontier was signed in Paris, and thus the Belgrade question solved, thank God.' One more volume will close the interesting story of the Prince's life." But the compositor set the full-stop up two places, and the consequence was that, after recording part of the Prince's remark, the article concluded thus piously, "Thank God, one more volume will close the story of the Prince's life."

Poets probably suffer more than mere prose writers from these annoying mishaps of typography, for, in matter so delicate, a point, or even the substitution of a figure for a letter, will sometimes do serious damage to a line. A quotation from Tennyson's verses on the Balaclava Charge was once printed:

Into the valley of death
Rode the 500.

A similar instance in a hymn:

10,000,000 are their tongues,
But all their joys are I.

Quotations made in the course of Parliamentary and other speeches are often curiously altered. A member thus quoted from the "Dunciad:"

Earless aloft stands unabashed Defoe,

which was transformed into

Fearless aloft stands unabashed the foe.

The only books that are believed to be perfect—that is, entirely free from typographical errors—are an Oxford edition of the Bible, a London and Leipsic "Horace," and an American imprint of "Dante."

I append a few of the unpublished errors of compositors—errors that have been corrected by the proof reader, and therefore have not come under the notice of the public. A Stanhope phaeton was advertised for sale which the ingenious compositor transformed into a "stump of a phenton." A coachman who was in want of a situation advertised as one of his accomplishments that he was used to driving—the compositor preferred "drinking." A gentleman advertised his house for sale, mentioning that it was only five minutes' walk from the station—the compositor made it five months' walk. A jeweller's assistant advertised for employment, saying that he was used to jobbing, and, incredible as it may appear, the compositor had the hardihood to say he was used to "robbing." A manufacturer advertised his patent umbrella shade, which was made by the compositor, patent "imbecile" shade. A leader writer in the course of his article said disappointment made our zeal grow cold; but the more homely type said it made our "feet" grow cold. In the sentence, "It was as empty as a squeezed lemon," a typo made the last two words "ogneeyed demon." In the cross examination of the Tichborne Claimant, he was asked if he ever addressed his mother as mama, but the last word appeared as "maniac." A war correspondent, in giving a graphic account of a French retreat during the Franco-Prussian war, described the effect made on his mind by the sight of the "buglers, old men and boys running away," which the compositor ludicrously spoiled by printing "legless men and boys running away." A lady committed a slight theft, which the compositor ascribed to sudden change of "footman," instead of fortune. And in a description of a dress the writer was made to say it was trimmed with "salvation" instead of silver lace.

## Grains of Gold.

Earnestness alone makes life eternity.

Candid thoughts are always valuable.

Working is the acquiring of knowledge.

Humility is the mother of contentment.

Keep good principles, and they will keep you.

Try to get good and you are sure to get good.

He knows enough who knows how to be silent.

The end of man is an action, not a thought.

Nothing is more easy than irreproachable conduct.

The secret of prolonging life is not to abridge it.

It is good to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.

None are so old as they who have outlived enthusiasm.

We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves.

Time will do much for sorrow—pride, perhaps, much more.

The defects of the mind increase in old age, like those of the face.

We would do many more things if we believed less in impossibilities.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.

Death and love are the two wings which bear man from earth to heaven.

Confidence alone is the atmosphere in which all human effort breathes and lives.

Never scoff at religion, it is not only proof of a wicked heart, but of low breeding.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.

The only way to escape the control of low desires is to rise above them in the love of better things.

The honest man is a superior judge, even in things which seem to have the least relation to virtue.

The Italians have a proverb that, while one devil may tempt the toiler, a thousand dog the drone.

We should employ our life in pleasing others. God loves those who study to please their neighbors.

The lessons of disappointment, humiliation and blunder impress more than those of a thousand masters.

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.

Our sins, like our shadows, when our day is in its glory scarce appear; towards our evening how great and monstrous.

In sad truth, half of our forebodings about our neighbors are but our own wishes, which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.

Beauty is a great gift of Heaven; not for the purpose of female vanity, but a great gift for one who loves, and wishes to be beloved.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

Wonderful! that religion, which seems to have no other object than the felicity of another life, should also constitute the happiness of this.

A man is more faithful to the secret of another than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than that of another.

Leave your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unheeded for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them, by that time, will require heeding.

Self love is a medium of a peculiar kind; it magnifies everything which is amiss in others, at the same time that it lessens everything amiss in ourselves.

If self be denied for the good of others, we receive immeasurably more than we can bestow; we have as many fountains of happiness as there are hearts and lives to whose hearts we minister.

What is contentment? The philosophy of life, and the principal ingredient in the cup of happiness; a commodity that is undervalued in consequence of the very low price at which it can be obtained.

## Feminimities.

There are now twenty six women practicing law in this country.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she was married.

Two women attorneys have been admitted to the United States court at Toledo.

Young unmarried ladies make the best archers, for they most easily get a beau on a string.

However bold a man is, he will wince a little when a woman seizes a rolling pin and demands a pail of water.

It is very dangerous to make up your judgment concerning a young lady's weight by measuring her sighs.

A Sioux Indian maid is not permitted to look at a reflection of her face in a brook. The bucks say that the fish are too shy as it is.

Extremes—A lady clutching her dress to raise it from the mud meeting a gentleman grabbing his hat by the crown in order to bow.

It is rumored that the Duchess de Montpensier, in her affliction at the loss of the Infanta Christina has decided upon retiring to a convent.

The Princess Louise is occupying herself at present in designing and inlaying a mantelpiece of different kinds of wood. She goes out very little.

A young man in Nebraska has sent an offer of marriage to a girl in Iowa whom he fancied, and in reply received this telegram—"Come on with your minister."

It is said that female elections to the Royal Academy are under serious consideration. Elizabeth Thompson is spoken of as sure to be the first female R. A.

Trying at the same time to drink in the beauties of the bonnets of two ladies who are walking in opposite directions have made many females cross-eyed for life.

In Paris photographs are taken by the electric light at night, and ladies who wish to have their pictures in full evening dress stop at the photographer's on their way to the ball or opera.

It was a married lady who began the telling of a story by saying, "Once I knew a couple of little girls, one of whom died and went to Heaven, while the other grew up and got married."

Waists open at the throat made without sleeves are to be worn this summer. The chemisettes and sleeves worn with them may be of white, or of silk grenadine, or foulard to match the dress.

Since the warm days are now on hand, look out for the showy $5 baby carriage, pushed along the sidewalk by a bedraggled looking mother who hasn't had a square meal all winter.

The Duchess of Edinburgh is visiting all the London theatres and making herself very gracious in society, by way of atoning for the cold and haughty manner she at first exhibited in England, to her great loss of popularity.

A New Orleans woman does not want a law prohibiting the sale of liquor Sundays, lest men who now take their families to harmless places of recreation Sunday, should buy liquor Saturday night, get drunk Sunday and beat their wives.

Miss Mongler, of Chicago, has won a position as assistant physician in the County Insane Asylum by her success in a competitive examination. This is the first case in which a woman has obtained a hospital position where both sexes have entered into competition.

Miss Virginia Hicks, a young lady of Wyandotte, Indian Territory, was thrown from her saddle by her horse the other day. She struck on her head, and a high tortoise-shell comb which was in her hair, was driven in the brain, causing almost instant death.

When you see a young woman at a lawn party armed with a turkey-red sun umbrella lined with thin white silk, and having a handful of white clover blossoms and green leaves embroidered on the top, you may know that she bought it from the Society of Decorative Art and paid $10 for it.

A Scotch Justice refused to renew a young woman's license to sell liquor, the other day, on the ground that the temptation of her position as a dealer in liquor was great. It wasn't his business to protect the publicans, but chivalry required him to look after the girl who occupies a similar position.

The other afternoon a lady called at a jewelry store in Portland, and before entering she left her baby in its carriage at the door. Having finished her purchases she went home. The jeweler finally was attracted by the child crying, and took it into the store and amused it with some trinkets until its mother missed the baby and returned.

A flower-girl brigade has been started in London by the Baroness Burdett Coutts and others, with the intention of enabling the flower sellers to earn more by teaching them how to arrange their wares and securing regular customers for them. The flowers are bought for the girls at Covent Garden and made up at a central depot.

A woman applied for a divorce in the Supreme Court, Boston, from a man who deserted her twenty-three years ago, and after she had proved this fact and also that he had since deserted another woman in Pennsylvania, after having had six children by her, she was called upon by the Court to prove that he is still living, and being unprepared to do so on the moment, the case was left open.

The ten ladies who are County School Superintendents in Illinois have managed the financial part of their business particularly well. Not one cent of the large sums over which they had supervision has been lost, either through dishonesty or ignorance of business. Even those male educators who opposed the law making women eligible to this office now pronounce their work a success, after the five years' experience.

A fashion writer thinks that a young lady dressed in the latest style and tripping along the streets, with a handsome little cane in hand would present a picturesque appearance. She certainly would; and how nice it would be for her to put the cane under her arm, handle down and ferrule up, all ready to put out the eye of anybody who tried to pass her! That is the principal use that some men find for canes and umbrellas, and why should women be wiser than they?

## Facetiæ.

A monarch of the seize—The sheriff.

A slow match—Marriage after ten years' engagement.

The success of a choir singer is, after all, largely a matter of chants.

In Texas a man who is shot is considered to have died a natural death.

Dogs appreciate good care. If not kept clean they will flea the house.

The young lady who married her father's coachman says she was driven to it.

Never step on a dog's tail unless the other end of the dog is a mile away from the tail.

When a gardener throws orange-skins on the sidewalk, can he be said to be setting out slips?

Four-of a Kind is an Indian chief. An Indian always takes the name of something he admires.

"Tears cannot restore my wife, therefore I weep," was the inscription on a French tombstone.

If a police officer is after you, the best thing you can do is to lock the door and then bolt yourself.

A Kentucky newspaper boasts of a society editor who "has no peer outside the lunatic asylum."

An amateur naturalist offers a reward to the man who will furnish him a live specimen of the brick bat.

The remains of the bachelor who "burst into tears" on reading the description of married life, have been found.

It is one of the physiological mysteries why a man's hands will blister so much sooner on a hoe handle than they will on a base ball bat.

Keep your chest well protected. Always lock it, and carry the key with you. This is especially important if you have diamonds in it.

Customer—"Waiter, this bit of turbot is not so good as that you gave us yesterday." Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir; it's off the same fish."

An eminent artist—American, of course—lately painted a snow storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off.

A South American has discovered a plant which gives milk, but we don't see where the fun is to come in, as it can't turn around and kick the pail over.

Tripping on the light fantastic toe—of your partner, in a polka—is described as the height of misery, by a gentleman who prides himself on his polking.

"Is that dog of yours a cross breed?" asked a gentleman recently of a countryman. "No, sir," was the reply; "his mother was a gentle, affectionate creetur."

An Irish crier at Ballinsloe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement, "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave coort."

A "Hardly Ever" temperance society has been formed down East. When a member is asked if he drinks he says, "Hardly ever, but if I do it is about this time of day."

A little boy once, who could not speak plainly, when asked if he knew what the stars were for, answered "that they were peep-a-boo holes that God looked through."

A man who moved to the country last month expects to have excellent sweet potatoes in the fall. To each hill of his white potatoes he added two spoonsful of sugar.

At the close of the sermon the minister became impressive. Raising his voice he said: "Judgment! Judgment!" and a small boy near the vestibule door shouted: "Out on the first!"

We should like to kiss the sweet little creature who said that fire flies were made by God to "yite us little froggies to bed." If she is seventeen years old bring her around all the same.

Now is the season of the year when the man who sees the sign "fresh paint," will walk up to the door, leave the marks of his dirty fingers on it, and go away muttering to himself, "That's so."

The finding of the body of a drowned man in the reservoir from which a town is supplied with drinking water, will undo all the good work the temperance cause has accomplished in five years.

A member of a debating club wishing to display his proficiency in "the languages," when moving for an indefinite adjournment of the club said, "Mr. President, I move we adjourn E Pluribus Unum."

Street scene in New York: First ruffian—"Kill 'im! Wot'll we do with 'im afterwards?" Second ruffian (contemptuously)—"You're a green 'un. Why bury 'im under the rubbish in the street, of coarse. He'll never be found."

An Irishman at the imminent risk of his life stopped a runaway horse a few days ago. The owner came up after a while and quietly remarked: "Thank you, sir." "An' faith, an' how are ye a goin' to divide that between two of us?" replied Pat.

The proprietor of a building site in Wisconsin advertises his land for sale in this wise: "The town of Poggis and surrounding country is the most beautiful nature ever made. The scenery is celestial; also two waggons and a yoke of steers."

Astride a log sat Sam and another sinner engaged in a little game of seven-up, when a minister approached, who, after a solemn contemplation of the game, laid his hand upon Samuel's shoulder and said: "My friend, is that the way to save your soul?" "Perhaps not," answered Sam, who, having just played a card, was attentively considering his hand; "perhaps not, but it seems about the best thing I can do to save my Jack."

In one of the northern suburbs a family was seated at dinner, when the door-bell was rung. Bridget was sent to the door. It was noticed that she held a long parley, and it was surmised consequently that there was some element of uncertainty in the interview. On the return of the servant the master of the house said, "Well, Bridget, who was it?" To which Bridget replied, with all the unsuspecting sincerity of her race, "It was a gentleman, sir, looking for the wrong house."